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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Bokhara Victims. By Capt. Grover, Unatt., F.R.S. 8vo, pp. 307. London, Chapman and Hall.

THIS is a very fierce onslaught against Lord Aberdeen and the Foreign Office, Sir Robert Peel and House of Commons tactics, Lord Ellenborough and Indian despatches, and Col. Shiel and Mr. Bloomfield and Oriental diplomacy impersonated in the one, and ambassadorial manœuvring (at St. Petersburg) exemplified in the other.

Now we have gone cordially with the author in all his laudable and zealous exertions on behalf of the victims of Bokhara; and we conscientiously and warmly offer our tribute of applause to the excellence and humanity of his motives, and the devotedness of his indefatigable efforts—but we cannot brandish our pen to run a-muck like this along with him into every quarter where he has failed to carry the measures he proposed, and in his own way. It is, perhaps, too generally true that *Offices have no feelings;* but hardened as men in official life are apt to become to many sympathies cherished by others not so tried with the ways of the world, it would not be easy to induce us to believe that the Earl of Aberdeen connived at a murder, that Sir Robert Peel mystified and palliated it, and that other noblemen and gentlemen were accomplices before and accessaries after the act. Yet to this extent do Capt. Grover's charges go; and wherever he has been crossed, he boldly imputes the most corrupt motives and infamous conduct to all who have stood in his way. For his own object, we think, he blames too much. It creates a doubt and suspicion in our mind that his imagination has been too much excited to enable him to distinguish clearly; and sure we are that, on several of the most important points he urges, he does not deliberate calmly and justly. If one tithe he states were true and capable of proof, impeachments more tangible than that menaced by Mr. Ferrand might be rife and mortal. Tower Hill might again afford spectacles to an admiring populace, and the executions of Bokhara be rivalled and out-done in London!

It is far from an agreeable task to review this volume; but it must be done, and we will perform the duty as candidly as we can.

Capt. G. states that Col. Stoddart was sent by Sir John M'Neill in 1838 on a political mission from Persia to Bokhara, and was unfortunately exposed to insult and suspicion in consequence of the letters he carried being addressed to a late vizier who had meanwhile been disgraced and imprisoned. After monstrous sufferings, he made profession of the Mussulman faith to save his life; but was still confined in a horrid dungeon. In 1839 and 1840 he endured vicissitudes of imprisonment and royal favour; and reports were received that he had been murdered, but these were disproved by letters from him to Midsummer in 1841.

Now, says Capt. Grover, our government ought to have recognised him as a public servant, and sent out an order to vouch for him and procure his release. And here our author's rage breaks forth:

"Did such an order reach him? I say, no! Was it ever written? No copy of any such letter was to be found among the mass of documents which were submitted to me by the Earl of Aberdeen's direction; no document that could lead me to believe that any — the slightest — effort had been made by the British government in behalf of this faithful envoy. And why should there be? Who was Colonel Stoddart? Was he allied to the aristocracy? Had he parliamentary or other influence? Had he relations who were likely to raise a clamour if their relative had been abandoned? None of these. Colonel Stoddart was a mere soldier of fortune—a brave, honourable, honest man; and therefore not worth thinking about. Had he been even a regular bred diplomatist, there might have been some reason for exertion; but to make any stir concerning a man about whom it was not likely any one would care, unless to inquire about his arrears of pay or salary, really the idea must have appeared quite absurd to the diplomatic gentlemen in their comfortably warmed and carpeted rooms in Downing Street; and perhaps they may smile now while they contemplate the horrible sufferings of their victims, which a little exertion on their part might have averted."

This is not the tone which any person of moderate judgment or correct ideas can approve: on the contrary, it is harsh, vindictive, and incapable of humane or rational application. But the incensed Captain goes on:

"A government having extensive relations like the British, has frequently occasion to send intelligent men on important missions attended with great personal danger. The uninitiated reader would naturally think that one of the regular experienced diplomatists would be sent on these important occasions. By no means. These gentlemen never go where there is personal danger. They look out for a Colonel Stoddart. Should the mission succeed, the gentlemen in Downing Street take to themselves credit for their sagacity in sending him; should it fail, they call their envoy an 'innocent traveller,' and coolly say, 'Que diable allait il faire dans cette galère.' Count Woronzow, in presence of the British minister at St. Petersburg, when I was craving the Emperor's aid for Dr. Wolff,—Count Woronzow, I say, actually blamed Colonel Stoddart for not having abandoned his post when General Perofffsky had procured his liberation. I told the Count my friend had acted perfectly right in sacrificing his life rather than his honour. The gentlemen in Downing Street have adopted a mode of proceeding with these military diplomatists which must materially diminish their labour, and totally put an end to the necessity of even the appearance of anxiety. It is simply to say they are dead: 'The man's dead, and there's an end on't.' In the case of my unfortunate friend, no sooner did Saleh Mahommed's lying statement (the man is now a convicted scoundrel) reach Downing Street, when these gentlemen, without even taking the trouble to send to the Royal Geographical Society to inquire in what part of the world Bokhara was situated, officially announced that Colonel Stoddart had died at 'Bokhara in *Persia!*' I can assure the reader that I am not joking now; the above melancholy fact will be found in the *Monthly Army List* for March 1843. Fearing that this display of ignorance might be perpetuated in the *Annual Army List*, I wrote to the Secretary-at-war a letter, in which I expressed to him my desire to avert such a misfortune, and respectfully informed him that Bokhara was an independent nation, more than twice as big as England and Wales, and that it had no more to do with Persia than with Russia or China. I received in reply a letter of thanks, and an intimation that the word 'Persia,' would be left out in the *Annual Army List*. And so it was!"

That any piece of etiquette—whether poor Stoddart was to be officially viewed as "a diplomatic agent," or "an innocent traveller"—should have interfered with efforts for his rescue, is a melancholy question. Captain Grover contends for the former; and asserts, that being considered as the latter, both in correspondence with the Russian General Perofffsky, at Orenberg, and by Lord Ellenborough, in his letter to the Ameer of Bokhara, sealed the doom of his friend, and also of his unhappy companion Conolly; and thus he argues:

"One day an old French general asked me if any recent intelligence had been received from the Bokhara captives. I replied, 'that I believed not; that I was most anxious about Colonel Stoddart, who was my friend; that the only consolation I had was the certain conviction that every means was being employed by the British government for the relief of these unfortunate men.' The general gave me a peculiar look, and said, 'Did it never occur to you that these men were intentionally sacrificed by the British government?' I now laughed outright: 'No, no, general; whatever sins of commission or omission the government of '*perfide* Albion' may have to answer for, the accusation of abandoning her public servants is one at which you must allow me to laugh.' The general, however, looked very serious, and replied, in a tone so slow and solemn, that I no longer smiled: 'Had these brave officers been Frenchmen, they would not have been allowed to linger in a dungeon at Bokhara. You seem to attach but little importance to what I say; but from what I have seen of your zeal and enthusiasm here in unmasking imposture, I am quite sure that if you are the friend of either of these wretched men, you will at least make some inquiries on the subject.' The general was right."

By and by the writer concedes much more to the interest taken by Lord Aberden in Dr. Wolff's mission; but anon relapses into his former mood, and vituperates the noble secretary, and his Sub, Mr. Addington, in unmeasured terms.

"I must here state (he says), that his lordship's assistance surpassed his promises, and far exceeded our expectations; and any one who has read what I have published from time to time in the newspapers, will have observed that I have taken every opportunity of expressing publicly to his lordship the gratitude I

sincerely felt for his lordship's kind assistance, as long as I was satisfied of his sincerity."

Why Lord Aberdeen should not have been sincere, but should have wished the destruction of Colonel Stoddart, is nowhere suggested, and would be impossible to surmise! At first, Capt. G. does not go the whole length of this incredible accusation. He writes:

"Without venturing absolutely to say that the government wished for the destruction of these brave but unfortunate envoys, I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that they wished to establish a belief of their death in the minds of the public; and, in my opinion, the one is quite as wicked as the other. This suppression of intelligence, by checking exertion, might absolutely occasion the destruction of which they wished to establish a belief." And "thus the reader will see that, by establishing an opinion of the death of these unfortunate men, the circulation of intelligence was prevented. Let us suppose for a moment an officer commanding an outpost at one of our frontier cantonments on the Sutledge. This gentleman is leisurely occupied discussing his tiffin; a sergeant enters, and informs him that a wretched man has arrived, who has not the least appearance of a European; he is covered with rags, filth, vermin, and sores, and yet says he is an English Colonel escaped from Bokhara, and that his name is Stoddart. Lieut. Easy (after a long yawn), 'Why, what the devil is all this nonsense you tell me about Col. Stoddart? This is indeed a capital joke! What an impudent impostor this rascal must be! Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly were both publicly executed some time ago. Hand me that 'Army List' in the red cover. Let me see! Ah, true enough;—here it is! Page 95. 'Deaths.—Lieut.-Colonel Stoddart, H.P. Royal Staff Corps, Bokhara, Persia. 17th June, 1842.' Well, there can be no mistake about that, although these officials are a little out in their geography, certainly. Bokhara in Persia! But, however, there can be no doubt that this Col. Stoddart is officially defunct; therefore, this fellow must be a spy. Let him have a 'cobbing' with a gun-sling, see him safe on the other side of the Sutledge, tell him to return from whence he came; and should he be found lurking about the cantonments, let him be hung without ceremony.' Such, seriously, might be the effect of giving credit to a report of a man's death. And this official announcement of the death of a brave officer was merely based upon a report—a report furnished by a regular scoundrel, as has been since proved, and for furnishing which this fellow received 3000 rupees. Now, really, for my part, I would rather lose my time in endeavouring to restore animation to a corpse than run the slightest risk of allowing the vital spark to expire for want of a little care and exertion. So do they not think in Downing Street."

Again we have to express our deep regret at the temper displayed in these remarks; but worse remains behind, and the most distinct charges of deliberate murder are plainly and unhesitatingly made!! There is a long discussion about a sum of 400*l.* generously paid by Capt. G. on behalf of Dr. Wolff, and much correspondence with the Foreign Office on the subject; but as this is a minor matter, we will leave it untouched. Captain G. writes very warmly—it might be said, were it in a bad cause, very insolently; and Lord A. has the best of it in temper, whatever he may have in argument.

"I will now (says the former) plainly tell your lordship that a Dr. Wolff might as easily have been found in 1840, 1841, or 1842, as in 1843; that Dr. Wolff's danger arose from his not having been furnished with authority to claim our envoys; and that, if your lordship had done your duty, those brave and faithful envoys would not have been allowed to linger during those years in captivity."

After much more of the same kind, his lordship invites to an interview, and endeavours to conciliate, his irrate correspondent; but Capt. G. indignantly refuses to withdraw his letters, and etiquette again arises to mar a reasonable course.

With regard to the life or death of our countrymen, it seems that even Dr. Wolff's journey has done nothing to satisfy Capt. Grover. In one place he tells us Dr. Wolff writes:

"Firstly, on the 29th of April, the king stated to me, by medium of the above-named Nayeb, and in the presence of Mullah Kasem, the king's mahram (private chamberlain), that he had put to death, in the month of Sarratan, 1259, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly."

And he adds, as a note:

"I have the highest authority in this country for stating, that the month of Sarratan, 1259, means July 1843."

Elsewhere July 1842 is the date assigned to the execution; but, strangest of all, in the conclusion, Capt. G. maintains that neither of the prisoners have been murdered at all, but are now living in confinement at Samarkand!! He also observes, generally:

"The reader will not be surprised at the woful ignorance of the British government of the affairs in Central Asia, when I inform him that, for some time past, we have had no resident at Meshed; and thus, for the sake of a paltry saving of eight tomans (4*l.*) per month, we remain in ignorance of the important events that are passing in Khorassaun. It was owing to this paltry saving of four pounds per month that a rascal like Mohamed Ali Seraaf, the worthy friend of Saleh Mohamed, was enabled to intercept the English letters on their way to Bokhara. As I purpose, on a future occasion, giving to the public some information on the state and nature of our diplomatic relations with Central Asia, I will merely say, that this false statement of the prime minister would lead the public naturally to imagine that the Russian representative had also sent a confirmatory statement. I think I have brought forward facts enough to shew the reader that the government has exhibited a most extraordinary anxiety to induce the nation to believe that these envoys have ceased to exist, and that the government has only published intelligence tending to confirm the opinion they were desirous should be adopted. The committee constantly received a journal of Dr. Wolff's proceedings, which the doctor will communicate to the public."

This by the way of literary news; and now we must draw to a conclusion. Captain G. appears to have tried to force government into national diplomacy, to which it was disinclined, for reasons of policy; and hence arose much of the angry and unsatisfactory disputes herein recorded. Himself earnestly occupied with a single object, and conversant with every minute detail, he has often a considerable advantage over antagonists occupied with important public business, for whom and for which he never thinks of making any allowance; but if he can get them into any mistake, he pins to them as a bull-dog would to an ox. The failure of his journey to Petersburg, and the refusal of an audience by the Emperor, he attributes to the intrigues of the British ministers; and in short, he concludes:—

"When I have reasoned with Russian officers against their opinion, that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly were intended to be sacrificed by the British government, I have been met with the following questions, which I have been obliged to confess my inability to answer:—'1. Why were not efforts made to recover these officers when we were in possession of Cabul?—2. When Sir Richmond Shakespeare was at Khiva, was he instructed to attempt their release, or to gain information concerning them? and, if not, why not?—3. Why were they not claimed as *envoys* instead of '*innocent travellers*,' which was to declare them spies?—4. Why did the British government send these officers, and then disavow and abandon them?—5. Why did not the Queen of England answer the Ameer's letter, instead of directing the secretary of state so to do? as every one with the slightest acquaintance of Oriental affairs must be well aware that no attention whatever is given to the signature of any vizier or minister; and that such an answer would be received as an unpardonable insult.'"

Anne Hathaway; or, Shakspeare in Love. By Emma Severn. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

A VERY bold theme; in which not to have failed is a degree of triumph. We fancy this is the first essay of the fair author, to whose estimable brother we were, a few years ago, indebted for the discovery of relics concerning the immortal bard which had escaped all previous research. This may have turned her mind to the subject, and we have here her picture of the olden times, opening with the sweet Willie-O at the age of fifteen, and Anne Hathaway more mature in years, but equally in love with the enamoured boy; and extending to their marriage-day. On the canvass we have the woolstapler Shakspeare and his family; the yeoman Hathaway, his shrew wife, and domestic establishment; Gresham the London merchant, Sir Thomas Lucy, the fat woman of Arden, dwellings and costumes, and other personages, whose quaint language and doings Miss Severn has done her best to place vividly before her readers. A reputed witch and her monstrous offspring are prominent actors; and the trial and burning of the supposed sorceress, which is added to the tale, is the most striking account of such a catastrophe that we ever read. Merely as a specimen of the writing, we quote two passages. Dame Hathaway goes to consult the witch:

"After passing many a pleasant snug-looking hut with a hasty glance and impatient step, Jane Hathaway suddenly faltered to loiter before a broken gate which led to the dwelling she sought. It was one of singular and most unpromising aspect; the garden was a wilderness, the mud walls let in the light, the roof was broken, and one corner of the poor building lay in ruins, storm-stricken by the same lightning which had smote an old oak-stump, and half-blasted sickly willow, that yet dipped one drooping and lanky branch into the stagnant waters of a green-mantled pond close by. Goody Hathaway's nerves were in a state of excitement; she painfully felt the full influence of this wretched scene, and her hand trembled as she stooped to unfasten the ruined gate. 'Ye come late, but ye come welcome,' said one in an impressive though harsh voice, throwing open the ricketty gate with the air of a prince's porter—'Enter!' 'Hob, poor Hob,' said the dame, slipping a silver penny into the distorted hand of a strange, whimsical figure, 'I would speak with your good mother.' 'Lie

not, woman,' answered the crippled brother of Guy; 'my mother is not good. Forward, and do your errand! Think you to keep us watching throughout the hated day as well as the tiresome night?' With a malignant smile, the cripple curled himself up in the wretched porch, which seemed too small, frail, and decayed, to shelter a lame hound. The dame obeyed, and stepping over the broken doorway, stood in the presence of a miserable hag. Through patched and forlorn rags, the living form before her appeared like a skeleton, robed by the miserable fantasy of some horrid dream. The long, brown, bony arms were visible through the torn vestments she wore; the crooked and clawed fingers moved restlessly, as if to seek, by employment, some solace for the troubled mind, some relief for the pangs of mental or of bodily pain. Now the poor creature cast leaves on the smouldering fire with an uncertain aim, now plaited the miserable garments that hung on her attenuated limbs, and then, with feeble efforts and tottering steps, attempted to sort and dust the sordid rubbish within her wretched room. Dame Hathaway's impatient temper was hushed for a time into something like awe at the sight of what seemed the very depth of human misery. 'Well,' she said, 'I come to tell you Guy is a good boy.' The hag spat with an appearance of scorn and hatred. 'Think you to cheat me with a base lie?' she said; 'your errand was less idle.' 'But this was part of it,' urged the dame, without shewing any anger at the insult she had received; 'I am myself a mother, and 'twas my thought you would like to hear of your own first.' The hag started, her feeble muscles rose like the black and storm-tightened cordage of a wreck. 'A mother!' she hoarsely screamed; 'woman, you know not the tie.' Flinging back the torn cloak from her wasted form, she tossed her bony arms in wild triumph. 'I alone am a mother,' she shrieked; 'my twins were born under the gallows-tree; but for them I had died beneath the wavering shadow of him whom the human fiends hung there: all the dreary night they stole my anguish from the thoughts of the murdered man; I wept for my living babes, I fed them with hot tears—my life was wrapt in theirs. Time came, and shewed me that one was deprived of reason, the other lacked the goodly form and stature of manhood,—and then I was indeed a mother! Woman,' she said sternly, 'she who rears the helpless, blighted cripple—she who nurses wandering, unsettled idiotcy—alone can tell the utmost intensity of the strong love which humanity can prove to its offspring. The flesh is off my bones—the spirit hath forsaken my mind—my eyes are dim, and my blood stagnant; yet the smile of vacant idiotcy, the voice and sight of a wayward cripple, have potent charms to soothe a lot so awful, so desolate as mine own.' Dame Hathaway held down her head, and wept. ''Tis long,' said the hag, 'since they hung my broken-hearted man; were he but alive, dame, I could offer you comfort and cheer; but lo! the nettle, the hemlock, and the deadly nightshade, have sprung where the fruit and flowers he planted once throve. I also am changed—for my guests were not wont to be so sorrowful; the storm hath stripped my roof, the lightning blasted my home; but with a wilder storm and a fiercer bolt, heaven's vengeance hath shivered all that renders roof and home most dear; but what of that? I was a wife—I am a mother!'"

A bridal retreat is thus painted:

"The company began to disperse ere the shades of evening were closed in. With many a song, and many a rude blessing, the rustic bride had taken possession of her little hut. 'Twere long and tedious to tell of nuptial ceremonies which, though past for ages, are familiar to every lover of antiquity. The poor man had adorned his cottage with care and neatness for her who came so gladly to share his portion of humble happiness, to lighten and divide the load of evil which every child of humanity must needs bear. For her, the rough walls were hung with many a ballad and print, purchased at no small cost of the Autolycus of Stratford's many fairs: for whether prince or clown, it is not man's property to love and to be of sound mind. 'Twas an odd thing to behold that, in most of these rough specimens of art, there was comfort, religion, and philosophy, for the poor. One shewed the miser and the fool, in custody of a grim and ghastly skeleton; in another, death, grinning horribly, was robbing a dying usurer's money-bags. From a drawing by Goltzius, was a gay woodcut, shewing vanity in the person of a fine lady at a mirror, clad in silks, and decked with jewels, surprised by the grim tyrant's fatal dart. In all, there was a stern and mocking contempt of the adventitious circumstances of rank and wealth, which was a sight to behold, and a moral to feel. A beggar was strutting in a regal robe, which ill hid his maimed limbs and patched garb; a fool's motley was covered by the furred gown of the justice; with many more of the like description; proving that in no age the lash of satire spares the folly of pretension, or allows crime to escape unpunished; all teaching, however, a lesson cheering enough to man, as it demonstrates a strength in our moral nature, which must ever struggle with the unruly waves of ambitious, heartless pride, and bear up bravely against the pitiless oppression of mere worldly-mindedness."

The last half of the third volume contains three smaller pieces—Martin Luther, Sleepe End, and Sea Sympathy—which evince a variety of talent in Miss Severn, whose whole performance we recommend to the curious reader.

Impressions of Australia Felix, during Four Years' Residence; Notes of a Voyage Round the World; Australian Poems, &c. By Richard Howitt. 12mo, pp. 362. London: Longmans.

THE above title-page would prepare the reader for a miscellany, or as the Romans had it, an *omnium gatherum*; and such they will find it to be. Countries civilised and uncivilised, land and sea, prose and verse, intermingle in hues as varying as those of the dying dolphin; and though there is no very strong general impression, the details are amusing and intelligent, and we have, as it were, gossipped through the whole of nearly four hundred pages with the reverse of lassitude or discontent.

From such a production we do not think it necessary to cull many extracts; but a few are due to its deserts, and we begin with the last paragraph of the volume.

"Five years had elapsed, and we were again in London—and on the very day of the month and of the very month that we had left it for Australia. * * * And here I was again in England, where our forefathers, sleeping, generation after generation, in the bosom of their green and beautiful land, where they, age after age, not only fashioned for themselves, by their industry, comfortable homes of rural enjoyment and rest, but bequeathed it to their descendants, better cultivated, a more wealthy and habitable country. The labour, affection, and cares of its myriads of sleeping benefactors, who toiled, adorned, and fought for it, have made it what it is, conspicuously the glory of all nations, a paradise of love, and joy, and liberty. Not, alas! wholly exempt from crime, and woe, and want, and disease; but animated by a quick spirit of Christian philanthropy, every day rendering the sum of these less and less. Full of these sentiments, and strongly impressed by the sense of our national greatness, and unwearied activity in the diffusion of universal good, I blessed the land in my heart; and was satisfied that the most singularly earthly good fortune, the greatest honour that could fall to the lot of mortal man, was to have been born in England; and the truest earthly wisdom, to endeavour to live in it!"

Such was the result of Mr. Howitt's experiences; reminding us of honest Jack Fuller, who in parliament declared, "It is the finest country in the world! and he who does not like it, —— him, let him leave it!"

The author's voyage out, on doing so, is well journalised; *ex. gr.*:

"*October* 10.—Again very stormy. A large quantity of porpoises leaping and cutting through from wave to wave, round the prow of the vessel. A brig seen on the lee-bow. Very faint indication of there being such a thing as a sun: the captain not able to take an observation. A person observed to the chief mate that it was likely to blow a gale by-and-by. 'A gale!' said he, 'what is it now?' The uproarious jolly sport of the porpoises in the morning was prophetically malevolent, as though they enjoyed the coming of a storm for us. Lightning faintly seen in the distance towards night. * * * We are already past Portugal. Another vessel over the weather-bow. Furl our sails to come near her. She proves to be a French brig from the Mediterranean to Havre. Our cook, being a Frenchman, speaks her. She has few people on board, whilst we make a goodly show; all out, old and young, all eager for the sight. The ship's name is Charlotte Auguste. Perhaps our friends in England may now hear of us. Our captain sets the seafaring French people higher in our estimation for politeness and punctuality than they were before, and certainly we did not heretofore lightly esteem them. He says we may more certainly depend on their good offices than on those of our own nation; John Bull being too often careless, negligent, or forgetful. It is Sunday, and there has been service as before. The very ocean seems aware that it is a holy time, for although the morning was cloudy, the sun now shines upon us from the purest azure—a divine afternoon. The billows seem to have checked half their roughness—dancing and glittering in the sun. * * *

"Not a breath of air; we are becalmed; the sunset most gorgeous! pillars and domes of flame-coloured cloud, partly lost in blue, pale-blue fleecy masses, with a blending of all colours. I exclaimed with Wordsworth,

'Ah me! how quiet earth and ocean were;'

but could not continue his exclamation—

'As quiet all within me.'

These dead calms were to me the most awful and restless visitations possible. Not alone were they suspensions, sleeps of the elements; they were the embodiment of the universality of death. Time and eternity seemed blended into one; the very sun seemed to rest in the heavens; motion, if not space, was in its grave; it did not seem possible that there could have been, or be, such a thing as a wind. The land we had left, or for which we were bound, were the illusions of an idle faith; any other kind of enchantment seemed preferable. Still we

have a kind of half-consciousness of some little change in the universe: the sun slides quietly down and dips leisurely into the ocean; and the moon and the stars come tranquilly out and gaze at themselves stedfastly, from the dark blue heavens, in the dark deep glassy sea. Progress there is in the planetary system, but none for us. * * *

"AN OLD-NEW SEA-BALLAD.

"We had not been at sea, at sea
Weeks but barely three,
When our steward said, with a very long face,
Not a bit of cheese had we.

The sago and the arrow-root
Were done about the Line;
And there were fears about the water,
And doubts about the wine.

To eat the salt-pork was sorry work—
We boiled it both and fried;
The beef it was rank, and the water stank,
And the pigs of the measles died.

We had not been at sea, at sea
Weeks but barely five,
When every biscuit in the ship
Began to be alive.

Some of them had been before
A voyage in the same ship,
And so they grew rebellious,
Not liking a second trip.

We stared on them you may be sure
With looks of sore dismay,
For some were blue, and some were green,
And some were hoary grey.

They once were baked it was supposed,
Although we couldn't tell when;
So, just to kill the living things,
We baked them o'er again.

If Rutherford in his old age
Should ask for parish relief,
God send he may eat his own biscuit,
And try to eat his own beef!

We had not been at sea, at sea
Weeks but barely six,
Before our tea was a black sea—
Black as the river Styx.

At sea, at sea we had not been
Weeks but scarcely seven,
When not a soul of our company whole
Thought biscuit was bread or chalk was coal,
Or that the sea was heaven!

We had not been, we had not been
At sea weeks barely nine,
When the sea-carrion creatures
Looked on and longed to dine.

The hungry shark, he sought our barque,
And he was nothing coy,
He opened his mouth and wagged his tail
As a dog might do for joy.

But this we must say, as well we may,
And say it with right good-will,
That Captain Kay, in a pleasant way,
Shared both our good and ill.

Then health, then health to Captain Kay,
Whilst in this world is he;
May pleasure greet him on every shore,
And happy success at sea!"

From naval versification we go to colonial observation:

"What a lesson (says Mr. H. after considerable experience) has avarice been taught by Australia Felix! The usurious, many from a distance, looked upon colonial interest as the fruit of a flourishing and goodly tree—the tree of life—productive abundantly. It has not, however, proved a Eucalyptus-tree, dropping manna. Capitalists, who lent money at an enormous rate of interest in prosperous days, still cling to it tenaciously; like the vampire, a death avarice, adding, by inordinate and unnatural slakings of an unwise thirst, the living to the dead. A colony tests strongly human nature; develops fully the real character of man. At home, old opinions, old habits, manners, and the hereditary customs of society, shackle, sustain, and continue, as he was, the creature of circumstances. The appearances of things are the pillars of his probity, the dome of his respectability. In a colony, a new arena, he is another being. The elements of society are oddly mingled around him. Ennobling example is solitary, and thence weak. He begins to suspect his own nature; finds that he is dependent on himself individually. The old world, its restrictions, its supports, have passed away, and there is a new order of things. In penal colonies and their neighbourhoods, the air of the one mingles with the other; the moral atmosphere is vitiated; not alone by a convict population, though that will do much; by the genera of our species most prone to emigrate: the active, the energetic, the shrewd, the uncompromising stick-at-nothings. The observation is common, that such a person was very different at home,—home, the general term abroad for one's native land. It may be true that he appeared such. All great changes act upon character. For of all changes, all revolutions, the greatest and the most striking—yet, to the philosophical observer, natural enough—is that of human character. In colonies, men cast off all disguise. Consequently every kind of monstrosity and villany display themselves in all their hideous nakedness colonially. Honour appears contemptible silliness; honesty, weakness and folly. So much so, that the terms Yankee, colonial, and sharper, have become synonymous. Much of this unmasked avarice, dishonesty, and mad recklessness of character, is attributable to home-return anxiety. The present time, and ourselves, are narrow motives for action; and this is another circumstance detrimental to colonial progress and prosperity. Of the migratory species, we build only for the summer, still thinking of autumnal departure. Our objects, our outlay, our efforts, and industry, are all circumscribed by the short time we intend, or have to remain in the colony. 'Plant fruit-trees!' 'They would not bear fruit whilst I am here.' This is the common suggestion and reply. 'Our dwelling, though a poor one, will do for a few years.' We do nothing without some reference to our return, without reference to a speedy return, of some kind. It seems that colonies, destitute of historical and industrial wealth in the past, are also to be destitute of them in the future. By this narrow policy, we neither do ourselves any good or the country of our adoption. The greatest blessings most assuredly are those, to themselves and the land, who come from the old country to the new, attended by friends and kindred; who have in reality exchanged one country for another; who ally themselves to the new region as to a bride, to abide with it for good and for evil; who think less of gold than of the necessaries and comforts of life; who look to labour for health and support, exclaiming with Timon, 'some roots, good earth:' although not, like him, casting away the glittering ore which presented itself instead. There was a time when in Australia such people and such industry were encouraged and rewarded by a paternal government with additional acres. That day is gone—the day wherein it was more blessed to give than to receive. The day of the rewarders is no more, and we have the receivers—the utilitarian day, in its stead. In this instance the change, as in many others, has been for the worse."

To these sensible and not unphilosophic remarks we add some of the author's sketches of the natives:

"Of the customs and superstitions of the natives of Port Philip, I shall only notice such as have for myself been fraught with interest, the result of my own observation, or that of my friends, but in no instance gleaned from books. Their legends and traditions I have received with some caution, knowing well in what kind of soil they have grown; often planted there by romancing shepherds, and afterwards adopted by the dark people as their own. The idea generally entertained by the blacks, that they at their decease go to Van Dieman's Land, and come back white fellows, originated, no doubt, in this way. Buckley, on his first appearance amongst them, the first European they had seen, was received amongst them as the reappearance of a native just dead, whom in every respect, except colour, he closely resembled: was fully believed to be the very man; was adopted by the dead man's friends and tribe, and called by his name. No doubt but the similarity, fortunately for Buckley, saved his life. Afterwards, when settlers streamed over from Van Dieman's Land, and the natives heard it mentioned almost only as the place whence the white people came, and probably seeing many others in person or feature resembling their dead relatives, that they should have such an idea is nothing singular or wonderful. Much more singular and curious ideas they have; strange indeed is their notion of death, or rather, that with the constant and palpable decay of the human frame before their eyes, they have no belief in death from natural causes. All deaths they consider to be the result of accident, malice, or magic. When a death occurs, they decide that the deceased person's kidney-fat has been stolen away in sleep by some enemy, aided by magic. The body is tied up immediately in a lump, tightly drawn together, body and limbs, by strips of bark or cords; and he and every kind of property belonging to him, scrupulously and superstitiously—war-implements, his *waller wallert*, or opossum-rug, guns, if he has any, even double-barrelled ones, although ever so highly valued—are broken; and these, with the white and black money, in spite of itching hands longing to take it—every thing, in fact, goes with him into his grave, religiously. Gravely also is it whispered into the ear of the dead man, that he may rest satisfied in his grave; that his black friends will, without fail, avenge his death. And in consideration of this arrangement, he is requested to refrain from terrifying his old friends and tribe; that he must not haunt them with alien voices, or the foot-marks of strange feet about their encampments. The mourners wear their white-paint mourning, never washing themselves, even if months should elapse before they have performed their vow to the deceased: when they have tasted the enemy's kidney-fat, the mourning ceases. This is a miserable superstition, and causes a great deal of bloodshed. To discover in what direction the enemy of the dead is to be found, they take an insect, and observe in what direction it crawls; and that is an infallible indication. In that quarter they go, no matter how far, the first native crossing their path is the murderer of the dead, and in his turn becomes the murdered. One death, even a natural death, thus becomes, through ignorance and superstitious custom, the cause of many unnatural deaths. Another of their inhuman and inhospitable superstitions is that regarding strangers: how different from the Jewish or Christian code, by which strangers are privileged and sacred people, 'Thou shalt in no wise hurt the stranger in thy gate!' Immediately that a strange native is found by any tribe in their neighbourhood, all the people are in a state of tumult, yelling, and getting ready their weapons of war for his instant destruction; for their belief is, that if they do not kill him, they will themselves generally, and most fatally, be visited with dysentery. * * *

Of their traditions the most novel is their creation. First, say they, a young man, along with others, 'quamby along a beek,' sat down in the earth, when it was 'plenty dark.' There they were, not merely two, but many people, lying or sitting unfinished and half torpid in the ground. This reminds us of Milton's Limbo. But Karackarock, daughter of the god Pungil, a kindly divinity, had condescended to 'yannina warreet,' walk a long way to look out for them, to clothe them comfortably with good opossum-rugs, of which, no doubt, she had great store. The 'Old Man,' so they call Pungil their god, not unlike the Hebrew term, 'Ancient of Days,' now held out his hand to 'Gerer,' the sun, and made him warm. When the sun warmed the earth, it opened like a door; and then plenty of black fellows came up out of the earth. Then the black fellows 'plenty sing,' like it white fellows 'big one Sunday;' which means, that a day is kept sacred, like our Sabbath, in commemoration of the creation; the dance on that day being of a peculiar kind, called 'gaygip;' at which time they corrobory before images carved curiously in bark. For a long time after the creation, in the winter they were very cold, for they had no fire; their condition as it regarded their food was not better than their dogs, for they were compelled to eat the kangaroo raw; and to add to their misery, the whole land was full of deadly snakes and guanos; but good Karackarock, their truly womanly divinity, did not forget or forsake them. Pungil, her father, like a true natives' god, was too much of a 'big one gentleman' to do any thing but carry his war-weapons; whilst Karackarock, a native divinity of the true feminine sort, a worker, came a long way, armed with a long staff—native women carry such—and with this she went over the whole land killing the reptiles; but just before she had killed them all the staff broke, and the kind did not all perish. Misery there was in the breaking of that weapon, but there was also mercy, for Karackarock had so warmed it, as well as herself, with such a great slaughter, that when the staff snapped there came out of it fire. Fire they now had to warm themselves, and to cook with. Their condition was much improved, but did not long continue so, for 'Wang,' the crow, a mysterious bird, regarded as superstitiously by them as the raven amongst Thor and Odin's worshippers, watched his opportunity and flew away with it. For a long time they were again in a most sad and fireless condition, until ever-kind Karackarock learned their state, supplied their wants, and they have never since lost it. Of a great flood they speak, that rose above the highest trees and hills; and how the natives were some drowned, and the rest, for a great wind blew, were caught up by a whirlwind to another similar country above them. When the flood subsided, there jumped up out of the earth trees, kangaroos, and opossums—every thing. The old race, the antediluvians, became stars. Amongst them were Pungil, their principal deity; Karackarock, their female Prometheus; Teert and Teerer, sons of Pungil; Berwool and Bobinger, son and daughter of Pungil, the first pair who dwelt on the earth after the flood, and from whom the present race of natives are sprung. Wang, the crow, also became a star."

To this curious theogony we add but one passage on behalf of the aborigines of all countries:

"To look at our own concerns, to consider our own immediate interests only, and to be wrapped thoroughly up in them, regardless how they may affect injuriously others, is, if not very just, very comfortable. The New Zealanders complained thus:—'Your horses damage our potatoes.' The settlers replied, briefly, 'Fence your potatoes in.' Said the New Zealanders, more justly, 'Our potatoes do not come to your horses to do them injury: fence in your horses.' So it was in Australia Felix. The new settlers found the country very much to their liking. There was abundance of not entirely unoccupied, but of the smoothest, park-like country, thinly sprinkled over with the most beautiful trees; water, often good and abundant, and often otherwise. The country, moreover, was thinly occupied by dusky natives, and plentifully stocked with wild animals, their food. Here the new settlers made themselves quite at home. All that they wanted was the land entirely to themselves—room; and that they found, for cattle and sheep to range over almost illimitably; to see their flocks and herds grazing in quiet; to be themselves, with their sheep and cattle, at ease; in the midst of plenty; satisfied with the present, and looking on cheerfully to the future. But there were the natives; and they, also, wanted something: principally to range the country in the old hereditary manner; to find game where they had always found it; to kill it where and when it suited them; in short, like the new race of people, to have the country wholly to themselves. The settlers were not always unjust, or inhuman; but they were attended by servants, as stockmen, shepherds, hutkeepers, &c.; men frequently of the most reckless, debased, and desperate character; and these became the pioneers of—not civilisation—but of strife, jealousy, conflict, and depopulation. Most of these men were convicts, assigned servants; others were ticket-of-leave men; and the rest emancipated convicts—wretches who had been expelled from their own country for the worst of crimes. And these were our representatives of European civilisation, on whom it devolved to impress upon the Australian aboriginal people our character, manners, customs, and religion. It is easy to imagine the fatal results of convict and native intercourse: lust and reckless cruelty on the one hand, and recrimination and deadly revenge on the other."

History of the War in France and Belgium in 1815, &c. By Captain W. Siborne. 2 vols. 8vo. T. and W. Boone.

Among the Sights of London there is not one more interesting or attractive than the Model of Waterloo, exhibited by Capt. Siborne, and described in the *Literary Gazette* when first opened to the public. But even what is there presented to the eye, giving the spectator a very perfect idea of the battle, is nothing (except as an admirable adjunct and a most helpful illustration) when compared with the clear and minute details of the entire campaign, and especially of the fields of Quatre-Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo, which these volumes contain. Whilst we read them we are no longer in the mob-*mêlée* and confusion of indistinguishable struggle; not only does the general outline stand out distinctly, but the many groups which form the whole are separable into their constituent parts; and even single combats, individual acts of heroism and valour, and accidents and sufferings of isolated beings, are brought into the tempestuous mass, and we are enabled to comprehend the vast operations in all the particulars of their relative action.

With this deserved character, we will not so late in the day attempt a regular analysis of Captain Siborne's valuable national labours; but by a few selections pointed to matters of interest, exemplify the author's powers in appreciating and describing the events of that extraordinary epoch. At Quatre-Bras, the advance of D'Erlon's force was at first supposed to be that of an enemy, for "the direction taken by the column, as seen in the distance, was well calculated to alarm the troops of the French extreme left; as also to excite surprise in the mind of Napoleon, who, having formed no expectation of the arrival of any French troops in the field by any other direction than that from Gosselies upon St. Amand, or perhaps from Quatre-Bras upon Bry, also participated in the opinion that the column in question, under its attendant circumstances and general disposition, could be no other than that of an enemy. As D'Erlon debouched from Villers-Perruin, and advanced upon the prescribed point, St. Amand, he threw out his cavalry (Jaquinot's) to his left, for the protection of this flank; and it was before this cavalry that the Prussian brigade, under Colonel von Marwitz, retired in the manner already explained, a movement which fully restored confidence to Girard's division. All at once this column was observed to halt, to indicate an indecision in its intentions, and finally to withdraw from the field. D'Erlon had in fact just received from Ney a peremptory order to join him without delay, with which he resolved to comply, probably concluding that he was bound to do so from the circumstance of his having been in the first instance placed under the Marshal's immediate command; having ascertained also from the Emperor's aide-de-camp that he was not the bearer of any instructions whatever from Napoleon as to his future movements, and that the appearance of his corps upon that part of the field of battle had been quite unexpected."

The battle raged on, on the side of the French greatly aided by this reinforcement; and "Blücher himself, seeing that the fate of the day depended solely on the chance of the cavalry at hand succeeding, while there was yet light, in hurling back the French columns into the valley which they had so suddenly and so resolutely crossed, rallied his routed horsemen, and placing himself at their head, charged, in his old hussar style, with the full determination of restoring, if possible, that equal footing with the enemy which had hitherto been so gallantly maintained. The French firmly stood their ground, and the charge proved ineffectual. As Blücher and his followers retired to rally, they were rapidly pursued by the French cuirassiers. At this moment the prince's fine grey charger—a present from the Prince Regent of England—was mortally wounded by a shot, in its left side, near the saddle-girth. On experiencing a check to his speed, Blücher spurred, when the animal, still obedient to the impulse of its gallant master, made a few convulsive plunges forward; but on feeling that his steed was rapidly losing strength, and perceiving at the same time the near approach of the cuirassiers, he cried out to his aide-de-camp: 'Nostitz, now I am lost!' At that moment the horse fell from exhaustion, rolling upon its right side, and half-burying its rider under its weight. Count Nostitz immediately sprang from his saddle, and holding his bridle with his left hand—for his horse had not been dangerously wounded—he drew his sword, firmly resolved to shed, if necessary, the last drop of his blood in defending the precious life of his revered general. Scarcely had he done so when he saw the cuirassiers rushing forward at the charge. To attract as little as possible their attention, he remained motionless. Most fortunately, the rapidity with which the cuirassiers advanced amidst the twilight, already

sensibly obscured by the falling rain, precluded them from recognising, or even particularly remarking, the group, although they swept so closely by that one of them rather roughly brushed against the aide-de-camp's horse. Shortly afterwards, the Prussian cavalry having rallied and re-formed, in their turn began to drive back the French. Again the thunder of their hoofs approached, and again the flying host whirled past the marshal and his anxious friend; whereupon the latter, eagerly watching his opportunity as the pursuers came on, darted forward, and seizing the bridle of a non-commissioned officer of the 6th uhlans, named Schneider, ordered him and some files immediately following to dismount and assist in saving the prince. Five or six powerful men now raised the heavy dead charger, while others extricated the fallen hero, senseless and almost immovable. In this state they placed him on the non-commissioned officer's horse. Just as they moved off, the enemy was again pressing forward with renewed speed, and Nostitz had barely time to lead the marshal, whose senses were gradually returning, to the nearest infantry, which gladly received the party, and, retiring in perfect order, bade defiance to the attacks of its pursuers."

We are finally informed that "the possession of the field of battle, and the capture of 21 pieces of cannon, were the only advantages of which the French could boast as the immediate result of so severe a struggle. With these, however, it would seem that their Emperor was fully satisfied: if he had entertained any idea of pursuit, it was now abandoned; he took no measures for watching the movements and prying into the designs of his adversary; but left his troops resting in their bivouacs, offering no molestation whatever to the Prussians, whilst he in person returned to Fleurus, where he passed the night. The contrast between the circumstances of the two armies during the night was very striking; for whilst the victors were indulging in perfect repose, the vanquished were completely on the alert, seizing every possible advantage which the extraordinary quietude of their enemies afforded during the precious hours of darkness; and never, perhaps, did a defeated army extricate itself from its difficulties with so much adroitness and order, or retire from a hard-fought field with so little diminution of its moral force."

To Buonaparte's inactivity after the battle,—losing six or seven hours, instead of hotly pursuing the retreating Prussians,—Capt. S. attributes much of the disastrous consequences which filled up the sequel at Waterloo.

"Grouchy, who commanded the right wing of the French army in Napoleon's absence, repaired early in the morning to the Emperor's quarters, at Fleurus, for instructions, according to an order he had received to that effect on the previous evening. He was desired to wait and accompany the Emperor, who was going to visit the field of battle. The latter, however, did not start from Fleurus until between eight and nine o'clock, and on reaching St. Amand, he examined the approaches by which this village had been attacked the day before; then he rode about the field, gave directions for the care of the wounded: and, as he passed in front of different regiments that were falling in without arms, on the ground where they were bivouacked, he was received with loud cheers. He addressed himself to nearly all the corps, and assured them of the lively satisfaction he had felt on witnessing their conduct in the battle. Having dismounted, he conversed freely, and at great length, with Grouchy and Gerard, on the state of public opinion in Paris, the different political parties, and on various other subjects quite unconnected with those military operations upon the successful issue of which depended the stability of his present power. That Napoleon should have neglected to follow up the advantages which fortune had thrown in his way on the morning of the 17th of June, is quite incomprehensible. With the exception of a Prussian picquet at Gentinnes, his whole front, as far as Gembloux, was perfectly clear of an enemy. Wellington was still in position at Quatre-Bras, where his left had become exposed by the retreat of the Prussians, and in rear of which point was the defile of Genappe. There was nothing to prevent Napoleon from marching directly upon that defile, and supporting, by a vigorous attack upon the Anglo-allied left and rear, a simultaneous movement against the front by the force under Ney. Whither had fled the mighty spirit which had shone forth with such dazzling brilliancy in former wars, and which had never displayed the energy of its powers of combination, and activity in following up successes, more eminently than in the campaign of the previous year? When before did it omit pressing every advantage to the utmost, or neglect to seize that moment of time, in which, having defeated one portion of his enemies, he was enabled to fall with combined force upon another? His army was not more fatigued than was that of Wellington, which had arrived at Quatre-Bras by forced marches. The troops which he subsequently did lead upon that point, when it was too late, consisting chiefly of the imperial guard and the 6th corps, were comparatively fresh. The former had not been engaged at Ligny until towards the termination of the action, when they suffered scarcely any loss: the latter, which arrived later, had remained intact. The idea of forming a junction with Ney, with a view of attacking Wellington, was certainly entertained; but its execution was most unaccountably and unnecessarily delayed until its intended effect could not but fall powerless upon a vigilant enemy, fully prepared, by having improved the precious moments of time, thus lost, to detect the purpose of the movement, and to ward off the intended blow. With an army greatly inferior in numbers to the united forces of his adversaries, Napoleon's prospects of success rested exclusively upon his utmost skill and address, not only in preventing that union of force, but also in so planning, arranging, and executing his combinations, that having succeeded in defeating one opponent with a superior mass, he might then precipitate himself in like manner upon another, at the very moment when the latter might be occupied or engaged with one of his marshals. This would have exacted of him the most untiring energy, the application of all his great resources in strategical science, a lightning-swift decision, and a daring resolution both in adopting and in executing all his movements. It was by the exercise of such powerful mental resources as these, that, unaided by a sufficiently corresponding amount of physical force, he had conducted the campaign of 1814; but the spirit by which they were conceived, and the genius which instinctively seized the means of their execution, seemed to have abandoned him in this, his last campaign: a faint gleam of the old spirit was visible in its opening movements, but it was now rather a wildfire, dazzling him for a moment, on the downward path to his destiny, than the star which had so often led him to victory. The last flash of his genius was brief, and on the memorable plains of Fleurus seemed to disappear, and leave him in utter darkness."

The movements of Grouchy and the division of the Prussian army left to divert him, whilst the faithful warrior Blücher hastened on to the preconcerted junction with Wellington, are described, and Capt. S. observes that he (Grouchy) "might have so far realised the anxious expectation of Napoleon as to have fallen upon Bülow *flagrante delicto*, and have materially procrastinated the co-operation of Blucher with Wellington on the 18th of June; a co-operation which a contrary proceeding, originating in fatal tardiness of movement, and exhibiting useless manœuvring in a false direction, could not fail to render easy in execution, and successful in result. But beyond such procrastination of the meditated junction of Blücher's and Wellington's forces, Grouchy could have effected nothing. The junction itself could not have been prevented. The tendency of Grouchy's movements had been too narrowly watched; the country between the Dyle and the Charleroi road to Brussels had been too vigilantly explored, and the movements, in succession, of the different Prussian corps had been too nicely calculated and determined, to admit of the possibility of a failure, as regarded the arrival of a considerable portion of the Prussian forces on the left of the Anglo-allied army. Blucher had made so admirable a disposition of his four *corps d'armée* that two of them could at any time have combined, and therefore have presented a superior force to Grouchy, at any point between Wavre and Planchenoit, whilst the remainder of the army might have continued its march to the field of Waterloo."

To that field we shall turn our readers' attention in a future *Gazette*.

BOOKS OF A RELIGIOUS NATURE.

[Second notice.]

Six Thousand Years ago; or, the Works of Creation illustrated. By Mrs. Best. Pp. 168. Bath, Binns and Goodwin; London, Simpkin and Marshall.—Mrs. Best differs a good deal from the author of the "*Vestiges;*" but which of them knows most about the Creation it is impossible for us to determine. They go upon opposite tacks. Mrs. Best tells us at starting: "You need not fear my indulging you with a long wearisome lecture which would put both you and myself to sleep, but I hope deeply to engage your interest, and while we take the Bible for our text-book, to enter into the field of science, and the depths of history. * * * In Otaheite, the natives consider that darkness was the origin of all things. But when Jehovah determined for his own glory to perform the stupendous work of creation, we read that 'the Spirit of God moved' or brooded 'upon the face of the waters;' and thus, at the very opening of the Bible, we are introduced to the divine Trinity, each Person equally employed in the extraordinary work."

This is surely beginning with the beginning; and we forbear from comment, to pass on to other matters, as authoritatively announced as if the excellent writer had been an eye-witness.

"No sooner was light obedient to the creative word than it underwent the scrutiny of Omnipotence: 'God saw the light, that it was good.' And truly, the divine wisdom and providence appear peculiarly remarkable in its formation. Were it not for the extreme subtlety of its particles it could not pervade the pores of bodies; but now it can render glass, air, water, and ice, transparent, which otherwise would only have exhibited their surfaces to our view. The luxury derived from the light shin-

ing into our rooms, while the cold air is excluded by means of the glass, would never have been known could it not have penetrated that beautiful substance."

That the window-tax should interfere with this providential kindness, alas! But we go on for farther intelligence on the progress of creation. "When the light was ready to answer the end of its creation, the order so beautifully observed was to be still more striking in its effects. The different successions of day and night were to commence, and begin that diurnal course which has never ceased."

Were we gravely discussing this point, we should ask the sticklers for the literal interpretation of the Mosaic record, how they reconcile their *twenty-four hours* of alternate day and night with the polar division into *months?* The same reasoning cannot apply all over the earth; and yet we do not remember to have seen this argument used by any writer on the much-vexed question. But we must stick a little more to the explanations of Mrs. Best.

"When the darkness disappeared, what did the light reveal?—a mass enveloped in its watery covering. But the time was arrived for this to be set in order; for there to be a firmament or atmosphere surrounding the globe, dividing the waters from the waters, and 'submitting this most vital part of the earth's system to those laws which have ever since continued in action.'" And "the air that surrounds the whole earth as a light thin coating, extending to a considerable height above its surface, is composed of several gases, quite different in their properties." And "without the atmosphere, neither animal or vegetable could continue to exist. But it is not my intention to enter into a long discourse upon these deep subjects, as my wish is to amuse and interest, not fatigue, my readers: but surely it is not uninteresting to know that those waters which are above the firmament are all produced by moisture imbibed by the atmosphere, drawn up by the power of the sun from the liquid portions of the earth's surface, in order to descend in refreshing rains, in gentle dews, the severer hail, and fertilising snow, all of which in their turn conspire to render its productions more abundant. Thus the almighty Creator completed the second day of his labours, reserving the third for the grand division of those waters which were under the arch of heaven. Many of you have visited the shores of the sea, but did you ever consider its vastness, and the interest it contains? Did you ever reflect upon the bed that must have been marked out by the divine Producer of these wonders? How it was formed is known only to him who prepared it for the ocean, and appointed his decree, 'that the waters should not pass his commandment,' *Prov.* viii. 29. How often, when standing upon the beach, I have watched with delight the immense world of waters at my feet —its waves in constant motion, sparkling in the sunbeams, dashing onwards with impetuosity towards the shore, threatening destruction to the shrinking earth, yet when actually arrived, merely little ripples to be seen; and then, as though repenting of their first intent, slowly retiring from the land. Nor is the continual motion to which I have alluded without its peculiar use; were it not for that, the sea would be a reservoir for putrescence. I recollect long since reading of a vessel becalmed on the vast Pacific; under a burning sun, the passengers and crew lay panting for breath; the sails flapped heavily against the masts, but not a breeze cooled the voyagers, or even ruffled the waves. After thus continuing, I think, for three weeks, a dark green slime was observed stealing over the surface of the waters; this gradually increased, until at length the vessel was surrounded by living monsters of the serpent tribe, started into life in consequence of the quiescent state of the sea. Of the nature of the bed of the ocean we can of necessity know but little."

With this extract we conclude, and only ask, for the memory of Coleridge and the voyage of his Auncient Mariner, that they should not be considered an actual navigator in a blue jacket and the description of the genuine Pacific. With regard to the rest, whether Mrs. Best's sciences or the sciences of the author of the *Vestiges* shew the greatest incompetency, we leave to the decision of those who are really versed in them. And this consideration brings us to

"*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation;*" *its Argument examined and exposed.* By S. R. Bosanquet, Esq. Pp. 56. London, Hatchard and Son. — Mr. Bosanquet undoubtedly fixes the author to whom he is opposed on the horns of several scientific dilemmas, and exposes some of his errors in the walks of science (to which we alluded in our review of the *Vestiges, Lit. Gaz.* No. 1460); but on his own side he is not strong, for he assumes nearly the whole question where there is any dispute either in fact or in argument. Whether omnipotence and omniscience are depreciated or magnified by one or other theory is hardly to be resolved by his powers of reasoning. If the Creator by one great original Will perfected the system and appointed successive causes to operate in producing the predestined results; or, if the Almighty was pleased to form only a part at first, and execute the rest by special interventions at every stage of development; it does seem to us that his power and his glory would be equally manifested in either case. Yet this is the mighty knot in the contest, and he who ventures to uphold the former position is accused of infidelity and atheism. Mr. B. treats his opponent as a Romancist of philosophy: and thus, in a tone not to be commended in discussions of the sort, speaks of his work:

"We readily attribute to it all the graces of the accomplished harlot. Her song is like the syren for its melody and attractive sweetness; she is clothed in scarlet, and every kind of fancy-work of dress and ornament; her step is grace, and lightness, and life; her laughter light, her very motion musical. But she is a foul and filthy thing, whose touch is taint; whose breath is contamination; whose look, and words, and thoughts, will turn the spring of purity to a pest, of truth to lies, of life to death, of love to loathing. Such is philosophy without the maiden gem of truth and singleness of purpose; divorced from the sacred and ennobling rule and discipline of faith. Without this, philosophy is a wanton and deformed adultress. * * The design of the work is to shew that there has been no such thing as creation, in the sense in which we receive it from the Mosaic history and revelation; that there is no such thing as a special providence, that the very notion of it 'is ridiculous.'"

Animadverting on the later edition (the third), he says, he has "taken out the very key-stone of his argument, without which the whole connexion is broken and falls to pieces: as will be noticed at the proper place. Independently of this, by the loose and facile shifting of his ground, and the adoption of new positions, upon matters which he had so repeatedly asserted to be proved and demonstrated, the author has deposed himself from the class of laborious philosophers to that of every-day writers."

Having deposed the author from the chair of philosophy, Mr. B. sets to work to confute his statements in a manner of which the subjoined are examples:

"The usual observation is made, that God's ways are not as our ways; and that Moses must have meant that a thousand years were as one day, in relating the six days of creation; for though the confutation of scripture history and doctrine is evidently the intention and object of the present work, yet, with the invariable inconsistency of all such philosophers, our author seeks to disarm or lull the kindlings of faith by some feeble reconcilements, or rather to shew the flourish of candour and indifference, by a generous exercise of philosophical ingenuity on what some little minds may hold sacred and dear to them. We are concerned only, in reference to this argument, to shew that Moses really intended what his readers of old, and for more than forty centuries, believed him to have written and intended; that he must either be believed or denied by those who weigh his evidence against the lights of philosophy; and that there is no such easy and ambiguous way of getting over the inspired text. * * * How if God worked only in the beginning of all, is he consistent with Moses, who says that he worked six days and then rested? or how, if in concurrence with his philosophy, did not Moses write, that God rested on the first day, and not on the seventh? Our author attributes no work to God, since the very beginning, which he is not equally performing at this present period." [This is by no means the worst argument.] * * * It is asserted that it is a mean view of the Deity to consider that he 'works hitherto,' and is engaged continually or from time to time in the creation and disposal of particular beings and events; that it attributes to him a littleness and weakness, a paltry pursuit and object, such as assimilates him with weak and frail men; that it anthropomorphises him; that an eternal repose and inaction, and contemplation of his own works, from the beginning, the results of his one primeval fiat, is more noble and dignified, more worthy of the great ruler, the great governor, the great functionary of the social order of the universe. It is more dignified, to the human ruler and governor, so to enjoy seasons of repose and remission from business; to have so disposed and ordered every department of his office, that the course of it may proceed, while he himself retires for relaxation and enjoyment; because rest, and remission from the necessity of labour, is the desire and ambition of man, and of all men: and this, because of his infirmity and weakness. It would be the triumph of a machinist to invent a perpetual machine; because it would increase his powers, and give him the opportunity of repose and inaction, or of some more agreeable occupation or labour, while his once accomplished work would continually supply him with bread. But to a finite being alone, who is capable of fatigue, and can do but one thing well at once, can remission from work be an object, or choice or change of occupation. To attribute any desire to God for repose, is to attribute human parts and conditions and feelings to him. This is to anthropomorphise him." [Surely not more than by asserting that he must continue to work.] But Mr. Bosanquet asks: "What is worthier the omnipotent God, than to work continually, in all time, and in all places, every where? He is almighty: it is

no toil to him to frame the leviathan, and the thunder, and the whirlwind. He is all-bountiful; and he can fashion the feeble insect for beauty and enjoyment, the animalcules and the infusoria. He is omniscient; and he can without effort observe and number every hair, and name every star, and examine every word and thought, and every place for a new plant, or insect, or angel in his universe. He is omnipresent; and he can do all these things every where and at once, at one moment of time, and in every place in his creation." [Does not this lower the Divinity, and refute all Mr. Bosanquet's argument? It lowers the Divinity, by supposing his work imperfect, and to require patching and jobbing from time to time to make it complete. And what is any portion of our measure of time to the immeasurable eternity? whilst the author concedes that all these things, i. e. *Creation*, might be done every where and at once, at one moment of time, and in every place! Why, this is the very essence of the theory for broaching which he charges the *Vestiges* with blasphemy.]

With this we gladly leave the controversy; merely quoting

Indications of the Creator. By W. Whewell, D.D., &c. Pp. 171. J. W. Parker.—Which volume consists of extracts from the author's great work on the Inductive Sciences, which bear in a much more commanding and decisive range against many of the scientifically unfounded or mistaken views in the *Vestiges*. Dr. Whewell shews that "Morphology is not necessarily inconsistent with Teleology," and otherwise illustrates the subject with the comprehension of a man who has thoroughly investigated and well understands it.

Physiology of the Fœtus, &c., with Observations on the Membrana and Rete Vasculare, newly-discovered structures existing in the Fœtus and Young of Man and Animals. By Benjamin Ridge, M.D., &c. &c. 8vo, pp. 91. J. Churchill.

THE author takes a view of the blood, &c., and its application in the organisms of the human fœtus, which, though of much medical interest, is not fit for discussion in our popular page. The duties of the fœtus itself he holds to be intermediary and complex; and believes that the meconium of infants is contained in a membranous sac, which secures and envelopes it, and between which and the true mucous membrane is a network of the most delicate blood-vessels, held together by a parenchymatous structure even more delicate. To these structures he gives the appropriate name of *membrana meconii* and *rete vasculare;* and he conceives their use to be, to prevent the chylification or absorption of the meconium after birth; at which period the meconium and its enveloping membrane play an important part in the new chemical changes which are first brought into action; and so important does the author consider the meconic membrane and its vascular plexus to be at this momentous epoch, that he deduces, as a practical inference, that they anticipate all necessity for other food than air; and that a child will always thrive better the first few days in the entire absence of its natural food. This is a very curious subject of inquiry, and the author deserves every credit for his investigations, which appear to stand the chance of the test of time and experience better than the mapping out of the tongue, or the substitution of mucous for gustatory follicles. Upon this subject we observe that Dr. Ridge intends publishing a new theory of the practice of medicine, founded on his system of glossology; and after the present evidences of ability for scientific research, we shall wait in greater hopes of philosophic evidence in his favour than we avow we had hitherto entertained.

Chronicles of Fashion, from the time of Elizabeth to the early part of the Nineteenth Century, in Manners, Amusements, Banquets, Costume, &c. By Mrs. Stone, author of the "Art of Needlework," "The Cotton Lord," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, Bentley.

THIS title-page indicates a compilation of a kind that never can fail to be attractive. A smart introduction ushers in the variegated pattern derived from a hundred sources, and illustrated with numerous portraits—some of them certainly not of the highest class, nor quite so captivating as the showy pink binding, with its gold star, more brilliant than any belonging to the gartered knights within. But for desultory reading, for the parlour-window, for the drawing-room, and, by-and-by, for the seaside (should the weather ever be warm and summery again?), Mrs. Stone's two volumes will serve; and whilst they entertain, instruct us how our forefathers and foremothers eat, dressed, talked, and acted, under every circumstance of their social life. The book is just a pleasant one, and fit for recreation; neither deep nor dry.

Lost Happiness; or, the Effects of a Lie: a Tale. By Lady Chatterton. Pp. 88. J. Burns.

A MORAL forcibly told, to exhibit the misery which may flow through and poison life, otherwise offering every enjoyment, in consequence of one wicked lie, committed even at an early age. There is, in our opinion, as a lesson for youth, a shade thrown over what ought to be perfectly clear and unmistakeable, in eliminating the guilt, to a certain degree, from a desire for parental and family approbation, which is a good motive; and great care should be taken that such nice distinctions should not be raised to perplex the value and impression of a wholesome truth.

The Freaks of Cupid: a Novel. By an Irish Bachelor. 3 vols. London, T. C. Newby.

A FAIR mixture of the grave and gay, the Irish Bachelor displays considerable talent in these volumes; though more in their sketchiness than in the invention and development of the whole plan. Some of his characters are cleverly drawn; the humorous rather superior to the more serious or pathetic. The same may be said of his scenes separately; yet one or two, of deathbeds, and other afflicting events, possess much feeling and force. The *Freaks of Cupid* may accordingly divert a leisure hour as effectually as most of its compeers.

The Zoology of the Voyage of H.M.S. Sulphur; under Capt. Belcher, &c. Edited by Surgeon R. B. Hinds. No. IX. Ichthyology, Part II. By Dr. J. Richardson. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

CONTINUES this valuable publication with every scientific and pictorial merit. Wonderful indeed, as it is truly expressed in common parlance, are the works of nature; and some of the fishes here figured are among her extraordinary forms. The grim-looking hypoglopus dentex, the curiously spotted muræna isingleena, the winged pegasus, and the amply finned centridermichthys, strike us among their companions by their singular adaptations to the modes and purposes of their creation. All together are most worthy of the memory of the naturalist, and enlarge the bounds of that science.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.

IN our No. of the 5th inst. we mentioned a few of the splendid appearances of the heavens viewed with Lord Rosse's gigantic telescope. The extraordinary powers of this instrument were described in the *Times* of Wednesday last, by Sir James South, one of the observers. The following are extracts from his account:—

"The night of the 5th of March was, I think, the finest I ever saw in Ireland. Many nebulæ were observed by Lord Rosse, Dr. Robinson, and myself. Most of them were, for the first time since their creation, seen by us as groups or clusters of stars; whilst some, at least to my eyes, shewed no such resolution. Never, however, in my life did I see such glorious sidereal pictures as this instrument afforded us. Most of the nebulæ we saw I certainly have observed with my own large achromatic; but although that instrument, as far as relates to magnifying power, is probably inferior to no one in existence, yet to compare these nebulæ, as seen with it and the six-feet telescope, is like comparing, as seen with the naked eye, the dinginess of the planet Saturn to the brilliancy of Venus. The most popularly known nebulæ observed this night were the ring-nebulæ in the Canes Venatici, or the 51st of Messier's catalogue, which was resolved into stars with a magnifying power of 548; and the 94th of Messier, which is in the same constellation, and which was resolved into a large globular cluster of stars, not much unlike the well-known cluster in Hercules, called also 13th Messier. Perfection of figure, however, of a telescope must be tested, not by nebulæ, but by its performance on a star of the first magnitude. If it will, under high power, shew the star round and free from optical appendages, we may safely enough take it for granted it will not only shew nebulæ well, but any other celestial object as it ought. Regulus on the 11th being near the meridian, I placed the 6-feet telescope on it, and with the entire aperture and a magnifying power of 800 I saw, with inexpressible delight, the star free from wings, tails, or optical appendages; not, indeed, like a planetary disk, as in my large achromatic, but as a round image resembling voltaic light between charcoal points; and so little aberrations had this brilliant image, that I could have measured its distance from, and position with, any of the stars in the field with a spider's line micrometer, and a power of 1000, without the slightest difficulty; for not only was the large star round, but the telescope, although in the open air and the wind blowing rather fresh, was as steady as a rock.

"On subsequent nights, observations of other nebulæ, amounting to some 30 or more, removed most of them from the list of nebulæ, where they had long figured, to that of clusters; whilst some of these latter, but more especially 5 Messier, exhibited a sidereal picture in the telescope, such as man before had never seen, and which, for its magnificence, baffles all description. Several double stars were seen with various apertures of the telescope, and with powers between 360 and 800. The only double stars of the first class which the weather permitted us to examine with it were ξ Ursæ Majoris and γ Virginis; those I could have measured with the greatest confidence; whether, however, it would have separated some of the closest of the most difficult double stars, I cannot say. * * * D'Arrest's comet we observed on the 12th of March, with a power of 400, but nothing worthy of notice was detected.

"Of the moon, a few words must suffice. Its appearance in my large achromatic, of 12 inches

aperture, is known to hundreds; let them then imagine that with it they look *at* the moon, whilst with Lord Rosse's 6-feet, they look *into* it, and they will not form a very erroneous opinion of the performance of the leviathan. Thus, then, the difficulty of constructing a Newtonian telescope of dimensions never before contemplated is completely overcome."

It is intended, however, to convert it into a Lemairean telescope, that is, by a slight inclination of the large speculum to throw the image near to one side of the tube, to be viewed through an eye-glass magnifying it, and thus saving the light lost in the Newtonian by the second reflection. Sir J. South says:

"That we might have a practical proof of the advantages of the light of the Lemairean construction, the 3-feet Newtonian of 27 feet focus, which stands in the demesne by the side of the leviathan, was temporarily fitted up as a Lemairean. Stars of the first magnitude were seen, not well defined, as in the Newtonian form of the instrument; but the superiority of the Lemairean, where a large quantity of light was required, was most decided. The small pole-star was as bright as a star of the fourth magnitude when seen in a 5-feet achromatic of $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches aperture. The dumb-bell nebula, or 27 of Messier, was resolved into clusters of stars in a manner never before seen with it. The annular nebula of Lyra, brilliant beyond what it had ever yet appeared, was surrounded by stars too bright to escape immediate notice, although neither the dumb-bell nebula nor the annular nebula had more than 15 degrees of altitude when I placed the telescope on them.

"The Lemairean of 3 feet is equal to a Newtonian of 43 inches; and the Lemairean of 6 feet is equal to a Newtonian of 86 inches. By substituting, then, the Lemairean form for the Newtonian, the present 3-feet Newtonian will be made as effective as if it were 43 inches diameter, and the 6-feet as if it were 86 inches in diameter; or the quantity of light in each telescope, after the alteration, will be, to its present light, as 7 to 5 nearly, or almost half as much again as it now has.

"Seeing, then, that the change from the Newtonian to the Lemairean construction will be attended with such an accession of light, Lord Rosse, having determined geometrically the form of the curve requisite to produce with it a definition of objects equal to that which each of the telescopes at present gives, is devising mechanical means for producing it; but as he is in about a fortnight coming over to England to attend his Parliamentary duties, it is probable that this important desideratum will scarcely be effected till autumn comes upon us. What will be the power of this telescope when it has its Lemairean form it is not easy to divine;—what nebulæ will it resolve into stars;—in what nebulæ will it not find stars;—how many satellites of Saturn will it shew us;—how many will it indicate as appertaining to Uranus;—how many nebulæ never yet seen by mortal eye will it present to us;—what spots will it shew us on the various planets," &c. &c.

These and numerous other interesting questions will doubtless be answered, and "that, too, very shortly."

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

April 14th.—Sir J. Rennie, V. P., in the chair. Three honorary and four ordinary members were elected, and seven gentlemen proposed for election.

The first paper read was an account, by Mr. E. J. Eyre, of his exploration of that portion of the lower course of the Darling river, Australia, which had never yet been examined. On the 4th December, 1843, Mr. Eyre left Morunde, accompanied by Mr. Scott, one policeman, and a native of Morunde, each mounted, and a pack-horse carrying provisions. Proceeding up the right bank of the Murray, the party arrived at the Rufus on the 8th December, from whence they struck across through the scrub to the Darling, crossing a large ana-branch* of that river, running through the scrub half-way between Lake Victoria and the Darling, with a course of full 60 miles nearly parallel with the river. On the 12th December, Mr. Eyre struck the Darling at a point 70 miles above its junction with the Murray. There was less water in the Darling than might have been anticipated from the length of its course; its banks were lined with beautiful gum-trees. Fifty miles further up they came to another considerable ana-branch of the Darling, but having much water only in times of flood. Proceeding four miles further, they had a fine view of the ranges laid down by Major Mitchell, to the west of the Darling; the intervening country seemed low and subject to inundation. At this place indisposition compelled Mr. Eyre to return. Proceeding down the Darling, Mr. Eyre and his party passed over all that part of the river's course left unvisited by Major Mitchell, and thus connected the two lines of that traveller, only on the opposite side of the river to his track. From the natives Mr. Eyre learnt that the Laidley Ponds are a chain of sheets of water, connected by a running stream, and falling into the Darling at a place called Wēēl-yŭrārăh; they said it came from the hills, and that water was to be found all the way from the Darling to Mount Bryan under these hills, by which route the natives frequently crossed backward and forwards, though chiefly, Mr. Eyre supposes, in the winter season. In the course of this excursion the traveller had occasion to notice the very beneficial influence exercised among the natives by the government establishment at Morunde, and which, in a greater or less degree, extends to the furthest point reached in this journey, or 330 miles from Morunde. The many natives they met with on their route behaved in so friendly a manner, that they found it unnecessary to keep watch at night. Having thus explored the road, the fact of so small a party as Mr. Eyre's having passed in perfect safety among such numerous tribes of the Darling, once so hostile, warrants the conclusion that a safe and practicable way is now opened for further future expeditions.

The second paper read was, "Notes of an excursion from Batúm to Artoin," by Mr. Vice-Consol Guarracino. The traveller's route lay along the left or western bank of Jurúk in a northerly direction: he accordingly first went round from Batúm to Kizil Toprak, crossing the river in a ferry-boat. The Jurúk at this place was only 30 yards broad, and 7 or 8 feet deep; but from May to the middle of September its width is from 200 to 300 yards. Passing through forests and over undulated ground, the traveller reached the village of Omboli, of 30 well-built houses, contiguous to a large forest of oak, chestnut, and alder-trees. Some way further on, the Adjarah Sú comes in from the east. Passing the village and stream of Miruvet, Mr. Guarracino came to the large village of Maradeet, with a bazaar of 70 shops, supplied in small quantities with every kind of European manufacture. Another ravine being crossed, Kadapha was reached, containing upwards of 200 houses. The natives here, who are Musselmans, and very civil, collect a little wax and honey, and grow a little barley. Leaving this place, and passing first along through narrow fields, between the Jurúk and the foot of the mountains, and then ascending the heights, the traveller reached Botchka, of about 90 houses, several of which are of stone, and built in contact with each other. The natives here make bricks and earthen jars, with which they supply the whole coast between Rizeh and the Jurúk Sú. They are also the boatmen of the river, on which there are about 80 boats. After quitting Botchka, passed an old fort, said to be Genoese; and crossed by a stone bridge, the Itchaleh Sú coming in from the west. The next place reached was Ziruret, where large quantities of tiles are made. A mile beyond this place the Murghur Sú was crossed, a western affluent of the Jurúk, forming the boundary between the provinces of Lazistan and Sivaneh; and after passing Dampal and Omana Khan and the ravine of Halit Derah Sú, the traveller arrived at Artoin, the whole distance being about 60 miles. Artoin has the appearance of a large village; the houses are built of wood, and separated by gardens planted with mulberry and olive-trees. The population is reckoned at about 5500, Catholics being more numerous than Turks. The industry of the town, the manners and customs of the inhabitants, the principal buildings (some being of stone), the trade, &c., of Artoin were described in the paper, which concluded with a general review of the neigbouring pashaliks.

* Term now used to designate an anastomosing branch, *i. e.*, a branch which, after leaving a stream, falls into it again, forming what is termed in physical geography, a branch island.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

April 16th.—*Annual Election:* The following is a list of the principal officers elected for the ensuing year:—

President: H. R. H. Prince Albert, K.G., &c. &c. *Honorary Vice-Presidents:* The Dukes of Northumberland, Sutherland, Buccleuch, Norfolk, and Portland; the Marquises of Northampton, Lansdowne, and Bristol; the Earls of Radnor, Clarendon, Dartmouth, Harrowby, Lonsdale, Romney, Stanhope, and W. Tooke, Esq. *Acting Vice-Presidents:* B. Rotch, J. Hume, M.P., B. B. Cabbell, W. H. Hughes, W. Pole, D. Pollock, W. H. Bodkin, M.P., J. A. Yates, and G. Moore, Esqrs., Dr. Roget, Sir J. John Guest, Bart., M.P., and Sir I. L. Goldsmid, Bart. *Secretary:* Francis Whishaw, Esq.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, *April* 10.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. H. P. Guillemard, fellow of Trinity College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. M. Holland, fellow of New College; Rev. G. Shand, Queen's College; Rev. J. T. F. Aldred, Lincoln College; Rev. F. H. Deane, fellow of Magdalene College; Rev. C. M. Skottowe, fellow of Jesus College; H. Parsons, Balliol College; Rev. W. Robins, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Arrowsmith, St. Edmund Hall; H. W. West, Christ Church College; G. S. Master, G. H. Phillips, Brasenose College.

April 11.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Civil Law.—The Ven. W. B. Stonehouse, Brasenose College, Archdeacon of Stowe, grand compounder.

Bachelor of Arts.—S. E. Lyon, Wadham College.

CAMBRIDGE, *April* 9.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Masters of Arts.—Hon. F. S. Grimston, Hon. C. C. Neville, Magdalene College.

Masters of Arts.—W. B. Hewson, W. A. Mackinnon, St. John's College; J. Griffith, Christ's College; J. D. Raven, Magdalene College.

Bachelors of Arts.—R. S. C. A. Alexander, F. B. B. Arthur, J. H. Knight, W. F. Northey, T. L. Williams Trinity College; J. Coleridge, C. D. Crofts, D. F. Jarman, G. H. Sparrier, St. John's College; I. Parrud, dock, St. Peter's College; W. A. Lewis, Caius College; H. T. Frere, Corpus Christi Coll.; W. Davies, Queen's College; J. W. Berryman, J. Godson, J. R. Pine, Catherine Hall; T. Brailsford, Christ's College; J. L. Wiglesworth, Magdalene College; F. Bourdillon, Emmanuel College.

Ad eundem M.A.—F. Balston, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford; F. Webb, M.A., Trinity College, Dublin.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

At the meeting on Thursday, the 10th,—Dr. Spry in the chair,—a paper by Mr. Cullimore was read, the purport of which was to identify the destruction of Sodom, and the seven years of plenty in Egypt, with some remarkable events in the Egyptian annals. In this dissertation the writer displayed that thorough acquaintance with the details of ancient chronology, for which his researches are so distinguished in the various societies to which his labours are contributed.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL AND ANARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATIONS!!

In order to secure a distinction between the two Associations into which the Archæological Association has split, the above title has been agreed upon and generally adopted. The *Anarchæologists*, with their lone Secretary at their head, are, we understand, making their *Way* with the general body by the same means as they employed for breaking up the general committee, *i.e.* by an active and persevering personal canvass. The other party, as if already feeling their strength, have settled to work, and are maturing their plans for publications and meetings. It is not our province to pronounce upon the open doings of either side; but we must say that we hear of practices among the Anarchæologists to which we could hardly have supposed any gentlemen could stoop. Anonymous letters have been sent in various quarter to detach members from the opposite committee (some of them disgracefully endeavouring to embroil official men with their superiors)†; and threats and entreaties have also been unscrupulously used to attain the same end. Surely proceedings of this kind cannot be sanctioned by or for any cause; and are most damaging to every individual in the lists of those from whom they emanate, even though many may be ignorant of, and would in a moment repudiate, such disreputable expedients.

As far as we hear, both parties are preparing for a meeting at Winchester; and it seems to be almost a matter of Town and Crown. The *Anarchæologists*, who stigmatised the Canterbury meeting as one of *Mountebanks*, and ridiculed those who opened barrows by the title of *Resurrectionists*, have been busily seeking to play the same parts, and deserve the same appellation themselves, at Winchester. This is a strange whim; but the barrows about Winchester are situated, we are told, on the land of a staunch Archæologist; and all the answer they can get to their request for leave to dig into them is, "Keep *A-Way* from my graves!"

But let things go as they may, We think it but fair on a public question to hear what can be said mediatorially from a quarter not immediately mixed up in the fray, and even though the views and opinions of a journalist should, in some points, be at variance with those of his corre spondent. We therefore admit the following letter from One for whose intelligence and sentiments on all subjects connected with literature and the arts we entertain the highest respect.*

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Although very unwilling to trespass upon your kindness for space in your valuable columns, and by no means desirous of sacrificing the room intended for more useful matter to the follies of controversy, I know that you take such a warm personal interest in the great objects for which the British Archæological Association was instituted, that perhaps you will allow one of its earliest members to bring forward a proposal for stopping the schism in its ranks, and for putting an end to the anomalous spectacle of two rival and mutually-excommunicating committees. I feel the greater confidence in saying anything upon this subject as being an old and mutual friend of the rival members, Mr. Way and Mr. Wright, having a sincere regard for both, and not being in the least mixed up in the present differences. At the same time, I may lay claim to some impartiality in the affair, for I am disposed to find fault with the proceedings of both the committees; and were it worth while, in a matter where the *real* cause of dispute is so trifling,* could point out many things that I think might be amended.

The idea of forming an Archæological Association is by no means a new one. Mr. Wright, Mr. Way, and myself, used to chat about it in Paris, separately or jointly, years ago; so, no doubt, have several of your friends and other members of the Association: it was a good idea, sure to be brought into effect in favourable times.† All reasonable men, therefore, rejoiced when the movement, originating this time with Mr. Wright and Mr. R. Smith, drew them into a happy vortex of Archæological enthusiasm; and our confidence in the stability and utility of the Association was greatly increased when we found on the list of the committee the name of Mr. Way,—decidedly one of the most learned and accomplished antiquarians of the present day. It is therefore a matter of the deeper disappointment to us to find that the central committee,—which we have been looking forward to, and entreating to act, as an effectual bond of union—a point of central action for all local and provincial associations,—has in itself been held together by no firm spirit of co-operation; but that an unfortunate side-wind should have nearly overset the goodly vessel. The task, sir, of combating Vandalism and ignorance is in itself quite hard enough, without any division in the ranks of those who ought to form the van, or rather the staff, of this truly conservative army. I am persuaded, indeed, that a majority of the members of the Association feel, like myself, deep disappointment at this momentary check to our hopes; and that they would gladly coalesce in measures that should tend to keep the right hand and the left hand of the body at harmony with each other. It is of no use, dear Mr. Editor, for any large number of useful hard-working Archæologists to be kept apart from others like themselves merely on account of petty disputes such as the present one. Excuse a pun in so light a matter, only you yourself have set the example; but we should all like to go on in the *Wright-Way* upon the present occasion. The wrong-way is to quarrel with, to separate from, and to counteract each other; whereas the united efforts of all—the long pull, the strong pull, and the pull all together—are not a whit too much to counteract the anti-archæological tendencies of our utilitarian age. Quarrels of this nature ought not to disturb the peace of the antiquarian world: we have enough to do with old controversies without being troubled by new ones. We may go on very well with the majority of the Association, as they assume themselves to be, with the principal officers of the old Association, and with that most liberal and courteous nobleman, Lord Albert Conyngham, at their head; but still I cannot consider it any other than a fatal division which should deprive us of the valuable assistance of Mr. Way, Mr. Stapleton, Sir R. Westmacott, &c.

Sterne's remark, Sir, is true at the present day—"They manage these things better in France;" for there, in the bosom of the *Comité Historique des Arts et Monuments* (of which I have the honour to be an old member), you may find quite as many zealous, and certainly not fewer fiery, spirits pent up as in our own body; yet are they all kept in proper order by the stern energy of the secretary, and the superintending control of the Minister of Public Instruction. Any member there, Sir, that should shew symptoms of making himself "obstropolous," would speedily receive orders to make himself scarce. And indeed, upon due consideration, Mr. Editor, I do not see any very probable termination for our present difficulties except in a measure which, in my humble opinion, ought to have preceded the formation of the society itself; I mean a direct and urgent appeal to government, or to the Crown, to take this Association under its immediate superintendence and control. Our rulers have long enough stood aloof from the protection of art, and are now at length trying to make up for their lee-way, and to wipe off the disgrace of being the least enlightened, in this respect, of all European governments. But Archæology, unless I am much deceived, is one of the main adjuncts of art; and indeed I do not know how the study of one can be profitably pursued without a knowledge of the other. Surely, then, when we have near the throne a Prince of enlightened taste, skilled to no small extent in our own Archæological craft—when we have for our prime minister a gentleman whose good-will towards all that is venerable and estimable in England, and whose knowledge as a connoisseur, are indisputable—when we have an active and enlightened Commission of the Fine Arts—and when we see upon our own lists the name of a cabinet minister, a nobleman of the most critical taste and acumen, together with those of several of our learned prelates,—when we think of these circumstances, we may be encouraged to hope that an appeal to the government would be graciously received, and that the Association, from a private, might be transformed into a public body. In France, Sir, our Comité is a legally recognised body; and we can interfere with the strong arm of the law to stop all acts of Vandalism; but, although our excellent (?) constitution in England will not admit of such a stretch of good taste, much might be done if we had the government on our side. The crown is owner of many a glorious castle and weather-worn Druidic monument—the cathedrals are public edifices—so are our churches—our old abbeys all belong to the gentry and aristocracy of the country; why

* A letter from Mr. Parker of Oxford, on the subject of the Archæological dispute, though written last week, only reached us yesterday, and too late for our present No. Mr. P. may believe that our only objects are truth and justice to all.

* The *real* cause of dispute either is or is not the publication of the *Album* by Mr. Wright. If that be the real cause, the quarrel is paltry and unworthy beyond credibility. If it be not, why do not the party acting with Mr. Way put forward the real grounds; why leave it to our correspondent to impute it to the yet more disgraceful source of "*personal jealousies?*"—*Ed. L. G.*

† *Par parenthèse*, dear Mr. Editor, when are we going to have a Literary Association? Please to remember that you had an idea of this kind long, long ago. But no quarrelling when we get it.—S. V. P.

A true hint; but very considerable expense did not enable us to surmount the early difficulties which beset the undertaking; and, though nobly and liberally supported, it was found to be impossible at the time to construct and establish the machinery required for the *magnum opus*. Under more favourable auspices and a happier moment it may, like many other good intents, be revived, and prosper.—*Ed. L. G.*

should not all these buildings be declared worthy of preservation in the name of the state—in the name of good taste and good feeling—in the name of all that is honourable and respectable in England—in the name of the whole nation? The sanction of government is a tower of strength in these cases; and I would most strongly urge the advisability of going at once to her Majesty's ministers, and demanding a charter of incorporation—a grant of money—and a public constitution for our future regulation.

Not that, by obtaining a charter, I should ever wish to see the British Association interfering with the privileges of a certain venerable and national society, which, if its name were duly understood, ought to have anticipated the necessity of such a body being formed, but that I should hope we should be able to act with greater authority—with greater efficacy—and, above all, with greater unanimity. Your influence, Sir, and advice might effect much towards so desirable an end; and I beg leave strongly to urge upon you the necessity of taking some step of this nature.

For myself, I shall feel it my duty—unless Messrs. Wright and Way will agree to be reconciled, and to work together as good Archæologists—I shall feel it my duty, I say, to report them to M. de Salvandy, minister of public instruction—for we are all three members of the Comité Historique; and no doubt, when they next visit Paris,—for they are not unknown in the ministerial salons of the Rue de l'Université,—his Excellency will commit them to La Force, for forgetting and acting against their commissions as sworn brethren of the glorious confraternity of Archæologists.—I have the honour to be, dear Mr. Editor, your most obedient humble servant, ARCHÆOLOGUS.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

April 15th.—Dr. Sharpe in the chair. The honorary secretary, Mr. Yates, read a learned paper, from Professor Grotefend of Hanover, on the arrow-headed inscriptions lately found at Hórsabad, near Nineveh. It contained an elaborate and critical analysis of the subject, and a commentary on certain fundamental principles in the art of deciphering the cuneatic or wedge-shaped characters of the Assyrian writings. The opinions of the Professor were supported by those of Lieut. Von Mühlbach, an officer in the Russian service, who having lately returned from Mosul, has favoured the society (through Professor Grotefend) with the result of his investigations. On the conclusion of this paper, Mr. Massabini gave a sketch of the history of these inscriptions, and explained by what means he thought a clue might eventually be found to their meaning. He stated that there are five different classes of these characters, resembling each other only in being all wedge-shaped. One only has yet been interpreted, and it contains chiefly the names of the Babylonian, Persian, and Assyrian kings, as Darius, Xerxes, Artaxerxes, &c. Observations were also made by Mr. Johnston, Dr. Platé, &c.

Mr. T. Wright then read the introductory portion of an essay "On the history of Christianity in Arabia, previous to the establishment of Mohammedanism." The part now read treated of the geography and ethnography of the kingdom of Hamyar, or Arabia Felix, in ancient times, from the early Greek writers and the Arabian authorities, and a sketch of the genealogical history of the Arabian kings of the fabulous or semi-fabulous ages, according to the Arabian traditions. It was followed by an interesting discussion, chiefly on the value of the Arabian authorities for the earlier periods of the history of their country, and on the problematical state of civilisation or barbarism of southern Arabia, before Muhammed, in which Dr. Sharpe, Messrs. Johnston and Massabini, Dr. Platé, &c. took a part. Dr. Platé took the opportunity of exhibiting a drawing of a map of Hadramaut, the first correct map of that district which has been made, and which is being engraved.

Dr. Yates, in announcing the first anniversary meeting next week, gave a very encouraging picture of the flourishing condition and favourable prospects of the society; and stated that the number of *original* members now only wanted four of completion, after which new members would have to pay double the original subscription.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts (anniversary meeting), 8 P.M.; Syro-Egyptian (anniversary meeting), 7½ P.M.; Antiquaries (anniversary meeting), 2 P.M.; Microscopical, 8 P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.; Ethnological, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (lecture).

Thursday.—Royal Society of Literature (anniversary meeting), 3 P.M.; London Institution (anniversary meeting), 12 A.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Philological, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (conversazione).

Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

NEW SOCIETY OF WATER-COLOURS.

A TRANSIENT glance previous to the private view to-day affords us the pleasure of saying that we consider this year's exhibition to be a manifest improvement on all that have preceded. And if the contents are superior, the gallery in which they appear has been reconstructed in such a manner as to display them to much greater advantage. The apartments have been converted into one handsome saloon, excellently lighted throughout; and, with the exception of a small movable and intervening screen, which is of service to the general effect, the whole number of 317 works, many of them very brilliant and all of them pleasing, are seen at a single view, and make a delightful impression on the eye and mind. As yet it would be invidious to particularise; but we may notice No. 81, "Ferdinand visiting Rubens at Antwerp," as a dazzling performance, by Haghe, and that Warren, Duncan, Fahey, Howse (officers of the society), and Riviere, Rochard, Taylor, &c., &c., have contributed in a style becoming their talents and reputation to an exhibition which does honour to our native arts.

BIOGRAPHY.

Lady Stepney.—On the 14th, at her residence in Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, died this literary lady, the widow of the late Sir Thomas Stepney, Bart. Pretty, accomplished, and fashionable, her ladyship, in her younger years, mixed much in the higher circles of society; and during the later period of her life she assiduously cultivated an intimacy with the world of literature, and made her handsome mansion the agreeable and hospitable rendezvous of most of the authors and artists, &c., who were distinguished by their works. She published "The New Road to Ruin," and one or two other novels, with considerable success; and we have to regret in her the loss of an individual under whose roof-tree, and in whose company, we have passed many pleasant hours.

REGINA MARIA ROCHE.

AT Waterford, aged 81, the Irish newspapers, a month ago, made us acquainted with the death of Mrs. Roche, the accomplished author of "The Children of the Abbey," and other interesting novels, which delighted our elders half a century ago. And this is fame! We really did not know that this distinguished writer still visited the glimpses of the moon till we read her obituary. She had retired from the world, and the world had forgotten her. But many young hearts, now old, must remember the effect upon them of her graceful and touching compositions; and imaginations once excited by her skill will yet acknowledge her loss with a melancholy feeling of regret, that the bright should thus have faded in the overwhelming darkness of fast-flitting years. In their time were nothing more popular nor more justly prized than the works of Regina Maria Roche—where are her successors, the cycles of many-coloured novelists since? We may hear of them when they die!!!

"The Children of the Abbey," 4 vols., on which Mrs. Roche's fame chiefly rests, was published so long ago as 1798, and "Clermont," also a 4 vol. tale, in the same year. But five years previous to this, in 1793, she had imped her wing with "The Vicar of Lansdowne," a novel, and "The Maid of the Hamlet," a tale, we think in two volumes. In 1800 succeeded "The Nocturnal Visit," 4 vols., for the standard had not then been fixed at three; and in 1806, "The Discarded Son," which extended to five. During the next twelve or fourteen years, "The Houses of Osma and Almeria," 3 vols., 1810; "The Monastery of St. Colombe," 5 vols., 1812; "Trecothick Bower," 3 vols., 1813; "London Tales," 2 vols., 1814; "The Munster Cottage-Boy, 4 vols., 1819; and perhaps other later fictions, flowed from her prolific pen. She was, as will be seen from this list, contemporary with Mrs. Isabella Kelly (afterwards Hedgeland), the mother of the present eminent counsel and M.P., Mr. Fitzroy Kelly. Mrs. Kelly began her career in the same line with "The Abbey of St. Asaph," in 1795, 3 vols.; and afterwards wrote "The Ruins of Avondale Priory," "Iascelina," "Madeline," "Eva," "Ruthenglenne," "Modern Incidents," "The Secret," and "Jane de Dunstanville," in all 28 volumes of novels, besides "The Baron's Daughter," a Gothic romance, 4 vols., "The Child's French Grammar," "Literary Information, Anecdotes," &c. 4 vols., and "Poems." These were the novelists of their day; and Ann Radcliffe's famous Romance, "The Mysteries of Udolpho," issued from the press in 1794; "The Italian," in 1797; and "The Romance of the Forest," soon after.

Mr. John Henderson Grieve, the distinguished theatrical scene-painter, and the father of two sons (one recently dead) highly eminent in the same line of art, met with a melancholy death on last Saturday night. He was found by a policeman lying on his back on the foot-pavement in the Old Kent Road, his way to his home at Peckham, and, as is rather usual with these conservators of the public peace, carried to the Park-lane station-house as *drunk* and incapable, and scandalously plunged into a noisome cell, after 32*l.* 10*s.* had been secured from his person. Here the old gentleman, aged 75, was left, whilst the policeman went again upon his beat, where he found inquiries being made respecting his prisoner, and conducted the inquirer, Mr. Grieve's son-in-law, to the station-house, who immediately recognised his unfortunate relative. Mr. Thomas Grieve, his son, was immediately sent for; but it was not till

near five o'clock of Sunday morning, five hours after his fall in a fit of *apoplexy*, that he found his parent stretched on a wooden bench in one of these vile cells, with froth and saliva running from his mouth, and apparently in a dying condition. He was taken to a room with a fire, and surgical aid applied, but all too late. He was removed to his residence, and expired at one o'clock on Monday morning. The evidence of the police-sergeant on duty when Mr. Grieve was committed, exposes a system of the most reprehensible kind, viz. that whenever one of the police choose to consider a person to be intoxicated, their duty it is to throw him into a cold stone dungeon, and refuse even to send for bail to release him from a condition so dangerous to life under any circumstances, and in this case attended by a fatal issue. We consider it very little short of murder; for our ancient friend was not of intemperate habits, and had spent that very evening at his son's, and drank only half a glass of wholesome whisky.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE GOVERNESSES' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION. The second anniversary at the London Tavern on Wednesday, Lord Sandon in the chair, was as we, last Saturday, presumed it would be, a very gratifying meeting to the friends and supporters of this much-wanted institution. The company were addressed in able and persuasive speeches, by the noble chairman, Lord Ingestre, Mr. Mackinnon, the Hon. G. R. Trevor, Sir John Paull, Mr. R. Vaughan Richards, and the honorary secretary, the Rev. Mr. David Laing; and an announcement was made of a subscription amounting to no less than 1550*l.*! Whether the excellent fare provided by the proprietors of the tavern contributed, as well as the touching appeals of the speakers, to this result, it is impossible to tell; but certainly if there be any truth in the saying, that one road to the heart is by the stomach, the manner in which they manage these numerous entertainments must go some considerable way towards producing or augmenting very charitable feelings. The account given by Mr. Laing of the flourishing condition of the charity was most satisfactory. Not only has the branch, which may be called that of pure charity, been enabled to rescue many deserving and unfortunate females from the lowest depths of poverty and suffering, and lead those who had seen better days, at least to exchange utter wretchedness for comparative comfort; but the other important branch, which depends on self-sustenance—the laying by, while the power exists, a something against the time when old age or infirmity shall put an end to useful toil and mental exertion—has in one year risen in substance from 700*l.* or 800*l.* to 10,000*l.*!! This sum, gradually increasing, and safely and judiciously managed, must become a sure anchor to many a shattered vessel which must otherwise have been wrecked; and, together with the more eleemosynary division of the plan, it does the utmost credit to its humane and active directors. The relief of governesses in temporary difficulties (for whom, in certain cases, a *Home* is supplied)—the grant of immediate annuities to others the most helpless and forlorn—and the securing of deferred annuities to others upon their own savings-payments—are all elements in this excellent design; and we know no one of all our benevolent and Christian institutions which better deserves the sympathy and liberal patronage of the public.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Thursday, a most attractive bill announced *Semiramide*, the last act of *Lucia*, with Morlani as *Edgardo*; *La Nina*, Lucile Grahn in *Eoline*, and a new *ballet* called *Kaya*, with the *danseuses Viennoises*. Of all the operas so well performed and put on the stage at this tasteful theatre, perhaps none is altogether so complete as the *Semiramide* of Rossini; difficult to sing beyond most operas, it is nevertheless executed in a very perfect and imposing manner, highly creditable to every one concerned. Madlle. Brambilla, the contralto, made her first appearance as *Arsace*: her talents are well known. She has been unrivalled, and we doubt whether any one could be found now who could sing and act the part of *Arsace* better throughout; Grisi sang admirably, and we listened to the entire work with great interest, although so often heard before. The new *ballet* is an exceedingly graceful and pretty performance; the scene is very cleverly painted, and the silent expression of Lucille Grahn, and the little Cupid *fraulein*, most elegant and poetic. The *ballet* of acting was ended by the joyous and picturesque romps of the little *Viennoises* as *Moissonneuses*. The house was very crowded, and all were well satisfied with their amusement.

Drury Lane.—On Monday *Lucia di Lammermoor* presented us with Duprez, the original *Edgar* when the opera was produced at the theatre of San Carlos; and Madame Eugene Garcia as *Lucy*. Duprez' style was effective in several pieces, and the whole went well, though not so fervently applauded as was the *William Tell*.

Princess's.—A new comic opera, composed by Auber, and called the *Duc D'Olonne*, was performed for the first time here on Monday last. The music is a fair specimen of the composer's pleasing style, without any very evident marks of study and original ideas; some of the accompaniments and symphonies are very pretty. The singing, by Allen, Walton, and Miss Condelle, was of good mediocre character, and the whole performance was successful. The scenery by Mr. Beverly is exceedingly good. And *à propos*, this very same opera has, we are told, been performed in a very popular style for several months past at the *Grecian Saloon*: so much for French novelties.

Sadler's Wells has closed a very prosperous season of the legitimate drama; for which the public owe their thanks to the good sense, taste, and enterprise, of Mr. Greenwood. It is a great satisfaction to us to have, throughout these bad dramatic times, undeniable existing proofs that English audiences will patronise Shakspere and all who worthily have followed in his train, when and wherever they are properly represented.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

COTTAGE-IMPROVEMENT.

In England's dewy meads and sunny plains
And fertile fields, where smiling plenty reigns;
Where many tranquil, happy homes are found,
With blessings of abundance strewn around,—
Oh! let not those, o'er whose serene abode
These benefits more richly are bestow'd,
Forget the poor man in his humble cot,
Nor heedlessly despise his lowly lot.

When winter's frosty breath the earth benumbs,
And on the howling blast the snow-storm comes;
When piercing cold invades the home of those
Upon whose hearth a cheering blaze still glows,—
What must you trembling cottage-inmates feel,
Who crowd around to share their scanty meal,
And o'er the half-expiring embers bend,
If haply may some genial warmth ascend!
And will it not enhance the donor's bliss
To pour relief upon a scene like this,
Whose willing heart and helping hands are made
The channels to impart consoling aid?

How beautiful, at close of summer-day,
When in the west the sunbeams fade away,
To mark the bounteous crops the furrows yield
In some extensive and productive field;
In scatter'd groups the occupants to trace,
Each working in his own allotted space!
How pleasing to reflect, with grateful joy:
The products of these lands, that now employ
The peasant's vacant evening hours to tend,
In comforts will upon his home descend,—
The dreary night of penury illume,
And help to cheer stern winter's chilling gloom!

Oh! may such benefits as these are found
With joyful hope each cottage-home surround!
Still may contented industry increase,
The peasant crown with happiness and peace!
And more than all, may grace divine impart
Religion's sacred influence to his heart,
And teach his soul in Christian faith to soar,
The Source of all these mercies to adore!
This only can the poor man's lot improve—
His poverty and misery remove;
'Tis this alone that can exalt a state,
And make a nation prosperous and great.

ROSA.

THE DEPARTURE.

Founded on an Incident in the Life of a Clerical Friend.

A PRAYER for thee ere evening's shadows close
O'er the far waters where thy watch is kept;
One thought, one passing thought of lost repose,—
My eyes shall then forget that they have wept.

Well thou rememberest—for I know full well
Thy heart for weal or woe is link'd to mine—
How from my lips the sacred accents fell
When first I met thee at that lowly shrine;

How in our mutual heart the fervour glow'd
With rapt Isaiah's pure seraphic flame,
And how the tears of holy anguish flow'd
At the sad record of Judæa's shame.

No longer I regard the grace I teach—
I languish o'er the oracles divine;
How care I e'en the holiest truths to preach
To others' ears, since never more to thine!

Oh, wakeful anguish of the hallow'd past!
Oh, memorable present, fraught with tears!
Oh, hopeless future, what a lot to cast
On the dark waters of thy coming years!

Couldst thou, fond object of my soul's desires,
But see the heart thy lightning-love has riven!
Ah! now too late to call its winged fires
Back to thy peaceful breast, their native heaven.

Is thy heart peaceful? Yes, I see thee stand
(This is no dream, like that of bootless love!)
With hosts of holy angels, hand in hand,
Treading with them the courts of light above.

There, on the amaranthine plains of heaven,
Sole place to commune with a heart like thine,
My spirit too might hope to be forgiven
This guilt and madness of its first decline.

Come back! come back! this earth must be thy home,
Till both our hearts with one sad anguish break;
Thou mayst not enter where *I* cannot come;
E'en heaven shall not be thine till I partake.

Come, with thy quiet majesty of love,
Direct the guilty heart that thou enthrall'st;
Call by thy prayers such mercy from above
As only can be granted when *thou* call'st:

Walk with me through this daily walk of life,
As one to whom a guardian power is given,
To still the longings of unholy strife,
And hallow, whilst thou lead'st, the way to heaven.

T. F. TRIEBNER.

VARIETIES.

Mathias Von Holst, the well-known composer of much popular music, died suddenly at his daughter's house, Hampstead Road, on Friday the 11th, in the 86th year of his age.

Barrows in Berkshire.—Some barrows have recently been opened near Aston, Berks, but without discovering aught remarkable. Where skeletons were found, it was ascertained that they had been buried in the position of north and south, the head being to the north. The metallic remains of fibulæ or buckles, vestiges of pottery, and some coins of Constantius Pius, were among the *débris*; but all much wasted in consequence of the wetness of the soil.

Copyrights.—The French Chamber of Deputies has unanimously adopted the bill for securing the copyright in France to the authors of literary and artistical works and dramatical productions published in Sardinia, agreeably to the treaty signed between that country and France on the 28th of August, 1843.

Another New Comet.—The *Journal des Débats* publishes the following from a letter dated Cayenne, Jan. 18: "We have seen here, during several evenings past, a superb comet. The size of its tail is not equal to that of the comet observed here in February and March 1844, but the nucleus is more apparent, and diffuses much light."

Rapid Conveyance.—The *Mechanic's Magazine*, No. 1131, describes a project by Mr. W. H. James, for conveying letters and small parcels at the rate of three hundred miles an hour!! It is nearly on the principle announced by Mr. Vallance some twenty years ago, who, our readers may remember, proposed to travel through a tube from Brighton to London in so many minutes. The agent in both cases is atmospheric pressure; and the means employed the exhaustion of the air from the tubes through which the matter sent is to pass. At one end, the recipient would be the exhausting machine, and the other would be air-tight till the article was inserted for transmission.

Jerusalem.—According to the report of Mr. Asher Sampson, recently returned from Jerusalem (*Voice of Jacob* of the 11th), the number of Jewish inhabitants in the holy city is estimated at 15,000 Sephardim, 600 Perushim, and 300 Chasidim. They are represented to be in great distress, and the English mission "a thorn in their sides."

Correction of the Press.—A provincial journal last week, copying an antiquarian notice from Wright's *Album*, and not understanding very well what a Roman *Thurible* was, corrected this Barrow curiosity into the still more rare one of a *Roman Thimble!*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A Visit to Borneo in H.M.S. the Dido, Capt. the Hon. Henry Keppel, with an Account of the Interior of the Island, by James Brooke, Esq., now ruler, under the sultan, of a native province, is announced for speedy publication.

We are happy to see announced for publication, under the highest royal and Indian auspices, the Fauna Antiqua Sivalensis; or, Fossil Zoology of the Sewalik Hills, by Dr. Hugh Falconer, whose discoveries in that region have, even when partially made known at the Royal Asiatic Society and the British Association, excited so much astonishment and applause. Capt. P. T. Cautley is worthily joined in this great and interesting undertaking.—*Ed. L. G.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lady's Country Companion, or how to enjoy Country Life rationally, by Mrs. Loudon, 12mo, *7s. 6d.*—History of Fiction, by J. Dunlop, 3d edit., 1 vol. medium 8vo, *15s.*—The Practical Miner's Guide, by J. Budge, 2d edit. enlarged, 8vo, 12*s.*—Scriptural Conversations between Charles and his Mother, by Lady C. Fitzroy, fcp. *4s. 6d.*—Origin and Ramifications of the English Language, by H. Welsford, 8vo, 10*s. 6d.*—Review of the principal Facts connected with the recent State Prosecutions in Ireland, by a Barrister, 8vo, 12*s.*—Five Discourses on Subjects contained in the Book of Genesis, by the Rev. I. J. White Jervis, post 8vo, *7s 6d.*—Italy, a Poem, by J. Edmund Reade, new edit., 8vo, 10*s. 6d.*—Dr. James Thomson's Euclid's Elements, 3d edit., 12mo, Part II., 2*s. 6d.*; two parts in one, 5*s.*—Morning and Evening Meditations for Every Day in a Month, 12mo, 3*s. 6d.*—American Factories and their Female Operatives, by the Rev. W. Scoresby, D.D., 12mo, 1*s. 6d.* sewed.—Historical Illustrations of the Chateau d'Eu, by J. Skelton, Part II., 10*s.*—Private and Family Prayers, by the Rev. J. Wenham, 12mo, 2*s. 6d.*—Anniversary Sermons before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, 8vo, 5*s.*—Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, edited by the Rev. A. Dyce, Vol. VIII., 8vo, 12*s.*—Captain Grover's Bokhara Victims, 8vo, 10*s. 6d.*—Peninsular Sketches by Actors on the Scenes, edited by W. H. Maxwell, 2 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.*—Lands Classical and Sacred, by Lord Nugent, 2 vols. post 8vo, 18*s.*—Self, by the Author of "Cecil," 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s. 6d.*—Manual of Family Prayers and Meditations, selected by the Rev. L. J. Bernays, 32mo, 2*s.* cloth.—Devotional Exercises for the Closet for Every Day in the Year, 8vo, 5*s.*—Signs of the Times in the East, by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, fcp. 6*s.*—Brief Records of Meditative Hours, 2d edit., fcap. 3*s. 6d.*—History of the Irish Rebellion in 1798, by W. H. Maxwell, 8vo, 16*s.*—The Gardener's Receipt-Book, by W. Jones, 18mo, 2*s. 6d.*—The Three-Leaved Manual of Family Prayer, royal 8vo, 2*s.*—Adventures in New Zealand from 1839 to 1844, by E. J. Wakefield, 2 vols. 8vo, 1*l.* 8*s.*—Philosophy of the Water-Cure, by J. Balbirnie, M.D., 12mo, 5*s.*—Life and Correspondence, of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, by F. B. Tupper, 12mo, 6*s.*—Voice of the Church, in Reply to Dr. D. F. Strauss, by the Rev. J. R. Beard, D.D., 8vo, 12*s.*—British Moths and their Transformations, by Humphreys and Westwood, Vol. II., 4to, 3*l.*—Manual of Gothic Mouldings, by F. A. Paley, M.A., 8vo, 7*s. 6d.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

This Evening (Saturday), April 19, will be performed Rossini's opera, entitled "Semiramide." Semiramide, Madame Grisi; Arsace, Mdlle. Brambilla; Assur, Signor Fornasari; Idreno, Signor Corelli; and Oroe, Signor Lablache.

Between the acts of the opera a Divertissement, in which the Spanish danseuse, Dona Manuela Peres, known as La Nena, and the Spanish Bolero dancer, Don Felix Garcia, will appear in the Spanish national dance Les Mollares di surgila; and the Danseuses Viennoises, under the direction of Madame Josephine Weiss, will dance the Pas des Fleurs, and, in the ballet divertissement, Kaya, the celebrated Pas des Moissonneurs.

To conclude with the highly successful ballet divertissement, entitled "Kaya; ou, L'Amour Voyageur." The music composed and arranged by Signor Pugni, and comprising themes from the Norwegian melodies. The principal dances composed and arranged by M. Perrot; those of the Danseuse Viennoises by Madame Josephine Weiss. Kaya, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn; L'Amour, Fraulein Fanny Pragher; Hermann, M. Di Mattia; and Knud, M. Perrot.

In the course of the divertissement the following dances:—La Norwegienne, original Pas de Caractere, by Mdlle Lucile Grahn; Pas Scenic, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn and Fraulein Fanny Pragher; Valse Galop, Pas de Six, Mdlle. Grahn and M. Perrot, supported by Mdlles. Ferdinand, Casson, Demetisse, and Monceiet; and, first time, Pas des Moissonneurs, by the Danseuses Viennoises.

Doors open at seven; the opera will commence at half-past seven o'clock.

Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

It is respectfully announced, that the celebrated Symphonie Ode of the DESERT, with the original melodies, choruses, and grand orchestral accompaniments, by Felicien David, will be repeated on Monday next, April 21st, 1845, preceded by a grand miscellaneous Vocal, Orchestral, and Choral Selection, from the most classical Composers, including Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn, Gluck, Beethoven, &c., and supported by nearly all the distinguished artistes of the establishment. The orchestra and chorus will include upwards of 200 performers. The whole under the direction of Sig. Costa.

PART I.

Sinfonia in C minor		Beethoven.
Aria, Che faro	Mdlle. Brambilla	Gluck.
Aria, Les Hirondelles	Sig. Moriani	David.
Aria, Zitti, Zitti	Sig. Lablache, "Seasons," and the Hunting Chorus.	Haydn.
Aria, Non mi dir	Mdme. Anaide Castellan	Mozart.
La Carita	(Chorus)	Rossini.

Solo Parts.

Soprani—Meads. Castelan, Rosetti, and Rita Borio.
Contralto—Mdme. Brambilla.

Overture, Oberon		Weber.

PART II.—The Desert.

The solo parts by signor Moriani.

Programme of the Desert:—Part I.—Entrance to the Desert. Glorification of Allah; Grand Chorus and Orchestra—Arrival of the Caravan—Departure of the Caravan—Tempest in the Desert—Return of the Calm—The Caravan resumes its march.

Part II.—Night.

Evening Star—Halt of the Caravan—Hymn to the Night; Air sung by Sig. Moriani—Arabian Fantasia—The Dance of the Almés—The Liberty of the Desert; Grand Chorus with Orchestra—Evening Reverie; Melody sung by Sig. Moriani, with Chorus and Grand Orchestral Accompaniment—Sleep.

Part III.—Sunrise.

Call of the Muezzin—The Caravan starts once more on its journey—The Caravan gradually disappears, and is lost in the distance; Grand Chorus and Orchestra—Silence in the Desert—The Song of Thanksgiving—Allah. Grand Chorus final.

Boxes, Two, Three, and Four Guineas each, may be had on application at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.

Doors open at half-past seven, and commence at eight o'clock.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, are respectfully informed that there will be an EXTRA NIGHT (not included in the Subscription) on Thursday next, April 24th, when will be performed Rossini's opera, "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Rosini, Madame Grisi; Bertha, Mdlle. Bellini; Il Conte d'Almaviva, Signor Mario; Bartolo, Sig. Lablache; Basilio, Sig. F. Lablache; and Figaro, Sig. Fornasari.

The Danseuses Viennoises will appear in some of their favourite Pas. With other entertainments in which the most distinguished artistes of the establishment will appear.

In the course of the evening, the celebrated Spanish dancer, Dona Manuela Peres, known as La Nena, and the Bolero dancer, Don Felix Garcia, will appear in various of the national Pas of Spain.

With the new ballet divertissement, entitled "Kaya; ou, L'Amour Voyageur." Kaya, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn; L'Amour, Fraulein Fanny Pragher; Hermann, M. Di Mattia; and Knud, M. Perrot.

In the course of the divertissement the following dances:—La Norwegienne, original Pas de Caractere, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn; Pas des Cinq Sens, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn and Fraulein Fanny Pragher; Valse Galop, Pas de Six, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn and M. Perrot, supported by Mdlles. Ferdinand, Casson, Demetisse, and Monceiot; and the Pas des Moissonneurs, by the Danseuses Vennoises. With other entertainments; in which will appear all the artistes of the ballet, including Mdlle. Grahn, Mdme. Fraulein Pragher, M. Perrot, M. Di Mattia, M. Toussilat, M. Gosselin, and the Danseuses Viennoises.

Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.

Doors open at Seven; the Opera to commence at half-past Seven.

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74 3 4	1838	144 2 2	64 5 6	9 16 4	296 13 4
	1839	116 16 0	51 5 11	7 11 9	247 4 5

THE DIVISION OF PROFITS IS ANNUAL.

F. FERGUSON CAMROUX, Secretary.

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40	1 8 9	1 10 4	1 13 6
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The List of Stewards will be advertised in a few days.

OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Sec.

ROYAL SOCIETY of LITERATURE.—The GENERAL ANNIVERSARY MEETING of the Society for the Election of the President, Vice-Presidents, Council, and Officers, for the ensuing Year, and for other Business, will be held on THURSDAY, the 24th instant, at the Society's House, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square.

The Chair will be taken at Three o'Clock precisely.

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April 16th, 1845.

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